THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII
No. 1805

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUG. 25
1934

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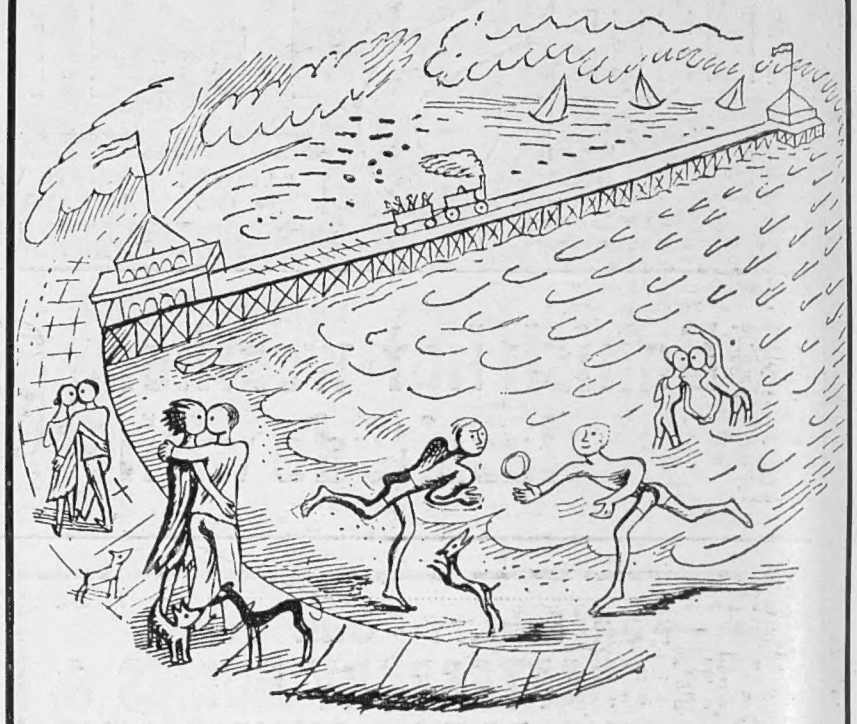

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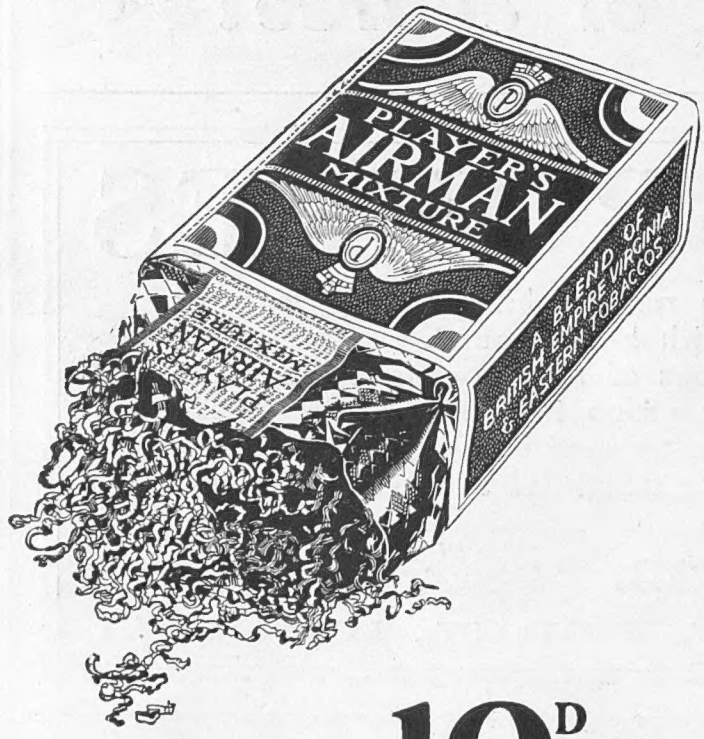

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P A 41. A.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 25, 1934

INTO THE UNKNOWN

The Giant Balloon in which Professor Cosyns and His Assistant Made a Successful Stratosphere Ascent

On Saturday last M. Max Cosyns and M. van der Elst took off in Professor Piccard's balloon from Hour-Havenne, Belgian Luxemburg, to explore the stratosphere and to investigate the mysterious cosmic rays. Many hours later, having attained a height of nearly ten miles and having drifted in a south-easterly direction across Europe, they landed in an out-of-the-way Jugoslavian village and all fears for their safety were set at rest. No attempt was made to beat the altitude record set up by the Soviet balloon on January 30 of this year, as the object of the ascent was entirely scientific. It appears that the various experiments which M. Cosyns carried out yielded much new information, and on landing he is reported to have said "I am extremely satisfied with the results of my study of cosmic rays and I believe they will be of great importance to science." The ascent, which cost £1,000, was financed by the Belgian National Scientific Research Fund

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London Ne

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL RADIO EXHIBITION: A general view of some of the gaily illuminated stands at Olympia where over 150 firms are exhibiting the latest types of wireless receiving sets and accessories. The presence of numerous foreign buyers was a most encouraging sign

A THREEFOLD DEDICATION IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: Cardinal Bourne giving been erected to commemorate the Jubilee of his priesthood, the thirty years of after 400 years, of the pilgrimage to

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 22, 1934.

ONE MORE FATAL LEGACY.—The dreadful legacy of a recourse to force hangs over too many distressful countries—Germany, Austria, America, and now Ireland being the latest legatees. The Cork shootings cannot fail to increase the appalling difficulties of De Valera's Government. Such tragedies in most cases rest ultimately on a sudden decision of an individual, and since it is never possible to recapture with any exactitude the precise conditions which precipitate such a decision, it is impossible fairly to award blame. It cannot have been pleasant for the police to receive the charge of a heavy lorry through the sale-yard barriers, and to have their inspector bowled over and seriously crushed. It may be urged that the armed section of the police force should never have been instituted and certainly should not have been detailed to the cattle-yard. The "Harriers," as the force is nicknamed, are inevitably a red-rag to anti-Government parties and a God-sent instrument in the hands of an anti-Valera orator. But the Harriers have in the past been compelled to deal with very dangerous hares. The first shot was fired, rightly or wrongly, and blood was shed, and General O'Duffy, quite inevitably, used the corpse for political ends. Whether the Cork farmers are justified or not in their grievances, they are a tough crowd, and have in their hands a terrible instrument of vengeance, obstinacy, obstruction, and bitterness towards the De Valera régime, which bristles with dangers and difficulties.

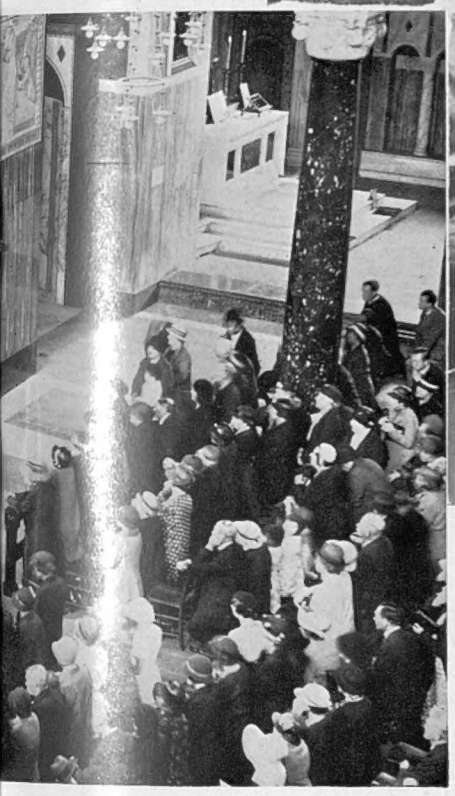
ANOTHER LEGACY.—"*Hindenburg bequeaths Germany to Hitler.*" Would it be only saying the same thing in another way, or would it be saying something very different, if we inverted this head-line of last week's Press and wrote: "*Hindenburg bequeaths Hitler to Germany*"? The latter head-line seems to me more correctly to précis the remarkable political testament of the late President. Two things were to be expected. First, that it would be published for propaganda purposes as a part of Goebbels' plébiscite-eve campaign. Secondly, that in Berlin, and of course outside Germany, doubts should instantly be raised as to the authenticity of the 1934 "codicil." A German Chancellor stooped to the Ems telegram. It would be against nature if there were no whisper that a document so pat, so apt, so exactly right, was of the same colour. Colour is lent to the colour theory by the fact that the Propaganda Ministry denied that such a document existed, as late as August 5 last. I cannot see the force of such inisnuation. There seems no sort of justification for assuming the necessity for a posthumous testament making. During 1934, the President was in no posture to resist the energetic requirements of his Chancellor, and Hitler must clearly have foreseen the importance of a 1934 "codicil" to the President's earlier "testament," and would probably have urged the President to bring it up to date by giving him, Hitler, the grand old man's blessing and testimonial, and demanding from the nation unquestioned loyalty in the only leader who seemed capable of holding Germany together. Whether in his heart he regarded Hitler as a Monck or as a Cromwell—as a step to the return of the monarchy or as a life dictator in a permanent republic—is a question for speculation by future historians. The clumsy denial of the existence of the testament may well be accounted for by a temporary indecision as to when the document could most aptly be made public, as a surprise voice-from-the-dead, as a knock-out for the "Noes."

CATCHING UP.—Some idea of the long start which the evils of motoring have gained on the forces of control and discipline is obtained from the announcement that after six years of contemplation the L.C.C. has implemented the powers given to it by the Petroleum Act of 1928 to regulate the design of petrol-filling stations. Since and for years before that Section II of the Act of 1928, the whole country has been defaced with a national museum of horror exhibits, and the only efforts to combat the evil have been made by individuals inspired by the hope of financial reward for their virtue, or genuinely shocked by the vileness of their professional livery. The L.C.C.'s patient effort only throws into relief the hopelessness of the race between unchecked vulgarity and decency. There is still (despite the long reign of a Transport Ministry) no control at the top. The L.C.C.'s experiment can serve only as an example (to be followed or not) by innumerable borough councils: the enabling Act is gloriously vague as to what areas the Council's powers may cover; the offending traders have five years "rope" before they can be hanged; and five years will be all too little time in which to bring all authorities into line and some degree of clarity into the meaning of an Act which in five years' time may be moss-grown. Despairing citizens may cry out that here is one more proof of the need of a new Government department, a Ministry of Taste and Preservation. But it is not new Government departments which we need. We could manage better with half the existing departments if those were vested with controlling authority over every aspect of their subject and possessed efficient co-ordination and liaison with other departments. The Transport Ministry in its different fields of endeavour depends on action by, now, the Home Office; now, the Ministry of Health; now, the

wsletter

Board of Trade; now, the Office of Works. Liaison between departments is either non-existent or the means of bringing it about too cumbersome. Hence the evil-smelling motor car races down the road, spreading death and stink and stark ugliness as it goes, and panting control toils after it in vain. At the end of it, as usual, it is John Citizen who pays for the officials and does their work himself. We can all (and some of us do) penalize the vulgar, by buying our petrol from the decent, merchant.

THE UPPER TEN.—Everybody who is anybody (and nobody is anybody who can't afford to pay for a grouse moor or a real luxury cruise) has left England. Only you and I remain, the backbone of our race, if not of Scottish landowners and shipping combines. The Welshmen left in a pack in the *Orduna* last week to recover from the effects of the Eisteddfod and Mr. George's eloquence. Every telegram delivered on board and addressed to Jones will find 100 claimants; to Williams, 68; to Thomas, 53. You and I would feel like foreigners and strangers in that family party. Three thousand British millionaires (or so they seem to me) left English ports at the same time bound for America and Canada, in five huge luxury liners. They are off to see the "Falls" and the Grand Cañon and the place where Dillinger fell and Garbo grew great, and neither heat-wave nor cloud-burst, nor communism, nor gangster deters them. When they return we shall know a good deal more about the New Deal. The Welshmen also mean to come back. They are not Pilgrim Fathers but luxury cruisers.



the first address from the new pulpit which has his life at Westminster, and the restoration, Walsingham, Norfolk

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS.—Not many authors can feel much gratitude towards those who after their deaths delved among their unpublished literary remains, half-finished manuscripts, infant efforts and immature experiments, and gave some of them to the world. Such publication, I think, has never enhanced an author's reputation. It is indeed ticklish work, this of the literary resurrection-men. It may well be that Wilfred Ewart expressed a desire for the publication of his War diaries. He died by chance and untimely in Mexico after surviving the World War's greatest dangers and publishing his *Way of Revelation*, from which he drew largely on his unpublished War diaries. If he did express such a desire, it remains to learn whether he himself had edited them, up to a stage, for publication. Such editing would, of course, become liable to constant re-editing as the years passed (while publication was postponed) in the light of other published War books and of changing public opinion. Therefore in no sense could the form of publication to-day bear the seal of the author's final approval. I have no doubt in my mind that all concerned have acted as they think he would have wished. But the point I would rather stress is my own regret that any more War diaries must see the light. We are sick of the criticism of the higher command. We need no further evidence that generals in the field and directing staffs in every war and in every century make appalling blunders and grope in the dark, and that these human liabilities to make wrong decisions in the unspeakably difficult (so-called) science of war (it is now as ever only a dog-fight, in plain truth) cost thousands on thousands of good men their lives. Wilfred Ewart's diaries (without considering their literary merit) "help to keep a mournful feud alive which else had died."

A DOUGHTY DOUBLE: Mr. E. H. Temme, a London insurance clerk, who during last week-end swam the Channel from England to France in 15 hours, 54 minutes, and covered a total distance of over 35 miles. In 1927 he crossed from France to England in 14 hours 29 minutes

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF OXFORDSHIRE.—The appointment of Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith as Lord-Lieutenant of Oxfordshire in the room of the late Duke of Marlborough came as a surprise item in the Press. In some quarters, the surprise was the appointment of a commoner. But as to that, of about fifty Lieutenancies I fancy you will find not less than fourteen are held by commoners already. I can think of Mr. Adeane, Mr. Colman, General Colvin, Mr. Whitbread, General Bromley Davenport, Mr. Benyon, Mr. Williams, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, offhand. To others, the surprise was the appointment of a comparative newcomer to the county. Mr. Hugh Smith bought Tusmore a few years ago and largely rebuilt it. It is true that for family antiquity the claims of Lord Saye and Sele were unrivalled, but he is an old man, while Lord Redesdale, a notable chairman of committees in the House of Lords, hails from Gloucestershire (Lord Dulverton lives in his old home), though he lives at Burford. Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith is, of course, a senior partner in Morgan Grenfell.

STOCKHOLDERS AND EMPLOYEES.—The Railway Wages Agreement which restored to employees a percentage of their cuts could not have been expected to smell sweet to those "proprietors" of the companies who, as holders of ordinary stocks, have seen their capital values shrink by four-fifths and have waited years in the vain hope of even a fractional dividend. Naturally, such a stockholder feels that the money earmarked under the agreement properly belongs to him, and that he deserves to enjoy it. That aspect was well put by "Ex-Shareholder" in *The Times* last week. He was a commercial employee, with no pension; by sheer thrift and self-denial he gradually acquired, for £1,600 saved, £1,500 worth of L. and N.W. Ordinary Stock, a "provision for old age." Now at last, after waiting in vain for a dividend, he has sold out, receiving one-fifth of his total savings and outlay. The railwaymen who benefit at his expense have "their increases, their pensions, and their special travelling privileges." It is a hard case—so hard that it is brutal to rub in the answer to it.

Item: What could have induced a thrifty man to invest his life savings in the ordinary stock of a commercial undertaking? To do so was to speculate.

Ex-shareholder replies: The prior securities of the undertaking were "trustee securities and stocks" and a dividend (a good one) had for ten years and more been paid on my choice. Moreover, the commercial undertaking was a monopoly.

The answer to these rebutters is: You, ex-shareholder, were sadly lacking in vision.

Item: You saw Democracy on the way and you must have known that Democracy implied nothing more or less than a transfer of that evil institution, class privilege, from one class to another.

Item: You saw your Monopoly asleep on its bed of safety, blind to the approach of a rival called road transport and making no effort to secure through Parliament belated road-transport powers. You, too, slept on your safety bed and drew good dividends while the monopoly held out. Your case is hard to-day, but your judgment was at fault yesterday. You put your eggs in an unsuitable basket.

WEEK-END HAPPENINGS.—In the by-election caused by the death of President von Hindenburg Herr Hitler was returned by a large majority. His opponent, Herr Nemo, did far better than was expected. Two dastardly attacks were successfully carried out on the Channel, one by a female, who made good her escape to the Continent. The other miscreant is known to the authorities, and has been in similar trouble before—showed indeed the courage of his previous convictions. The Australian touring team broke all records and at least eleven hearts (not to speak of female hearts) at the Oval. Mr. Runciman announced at Lanark a further cut in income-tax. The remark was received with enthusiasm until qualified with the condition "as time proceeds."

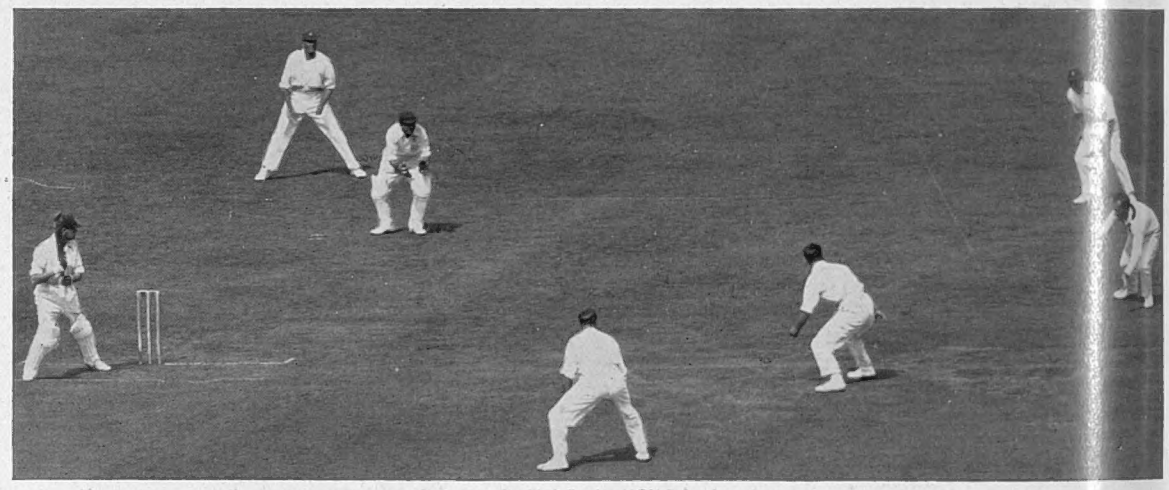
THE GLASS THAT CHEERS: The clansmen who marched to the Lonach Gathering at Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, halted on the way at Tornashean, where they were entertained by the Hon. Percy Thesiger. On the right is veteran Duncan Macpherson

Item: What could have induced Doctor Beebe to go down in (or perhaps to) the Batho sphere while Professor Cosyns went up to (or perhaps in) the Strato sphere. Both events demand record in the Other sphere. The former found that fish grew bigger, the lower you go; the latter, that air grows rarer the higher you go. Both gave their friends a great deal of anxiety before coming down (or up) again. THE OLD STAGER

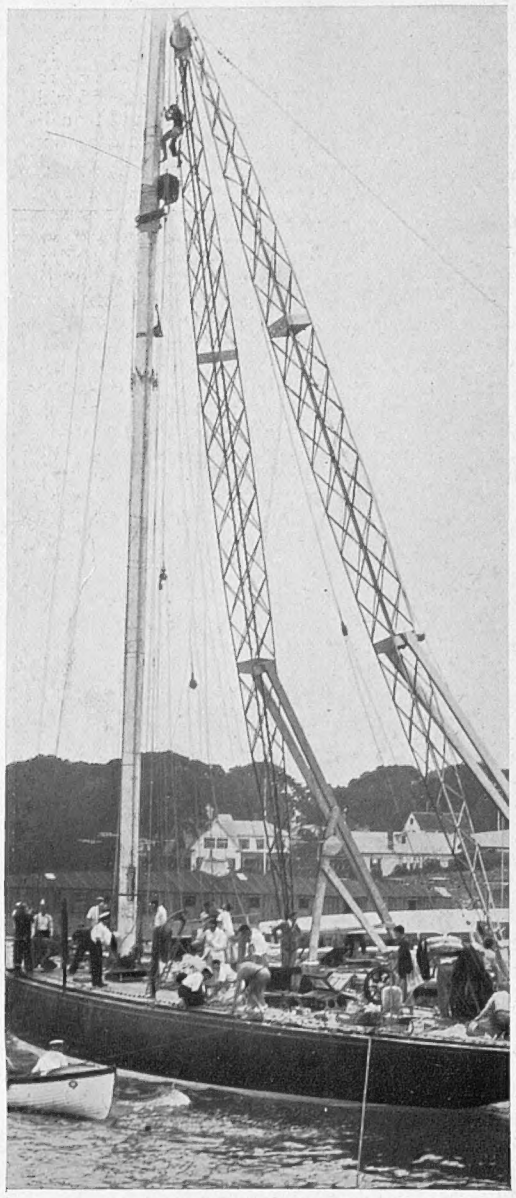
The Passing Pageant

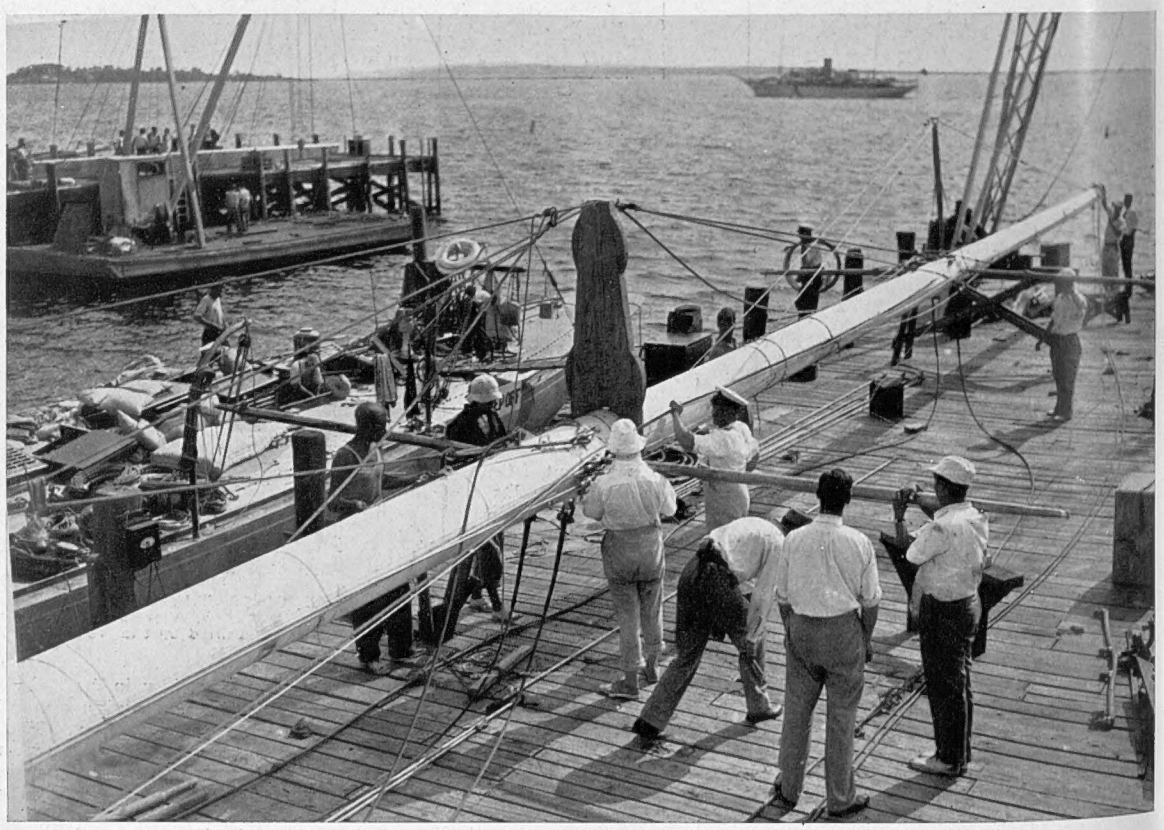
GERMANY SAYS YES: Dr. Otto Meissner, the late President Hindenburg's secretary, leaving a Berlin polling booth after recording his vote in last Sunday's plebiscite. The people were asked to say whether they approved of the law uniting the offices of Chancellor and President. Over 43,000,000 votes were cast, 38,362,760 being in favour of the measure, 4,294,654 against it. About 2,000,000 people did not go to the polls, and 872,296 spoiled their voting papers

AN EVE OF THE POLL SCENE IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL: Youthful supporters of Herr Hitler riding through the streets of Berlin on a placarded lorry. Dr. Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda, made a tremendous effort to secure a 100 per cent. vote to confirm the Chancellor in his new post of President. He was not completely successful

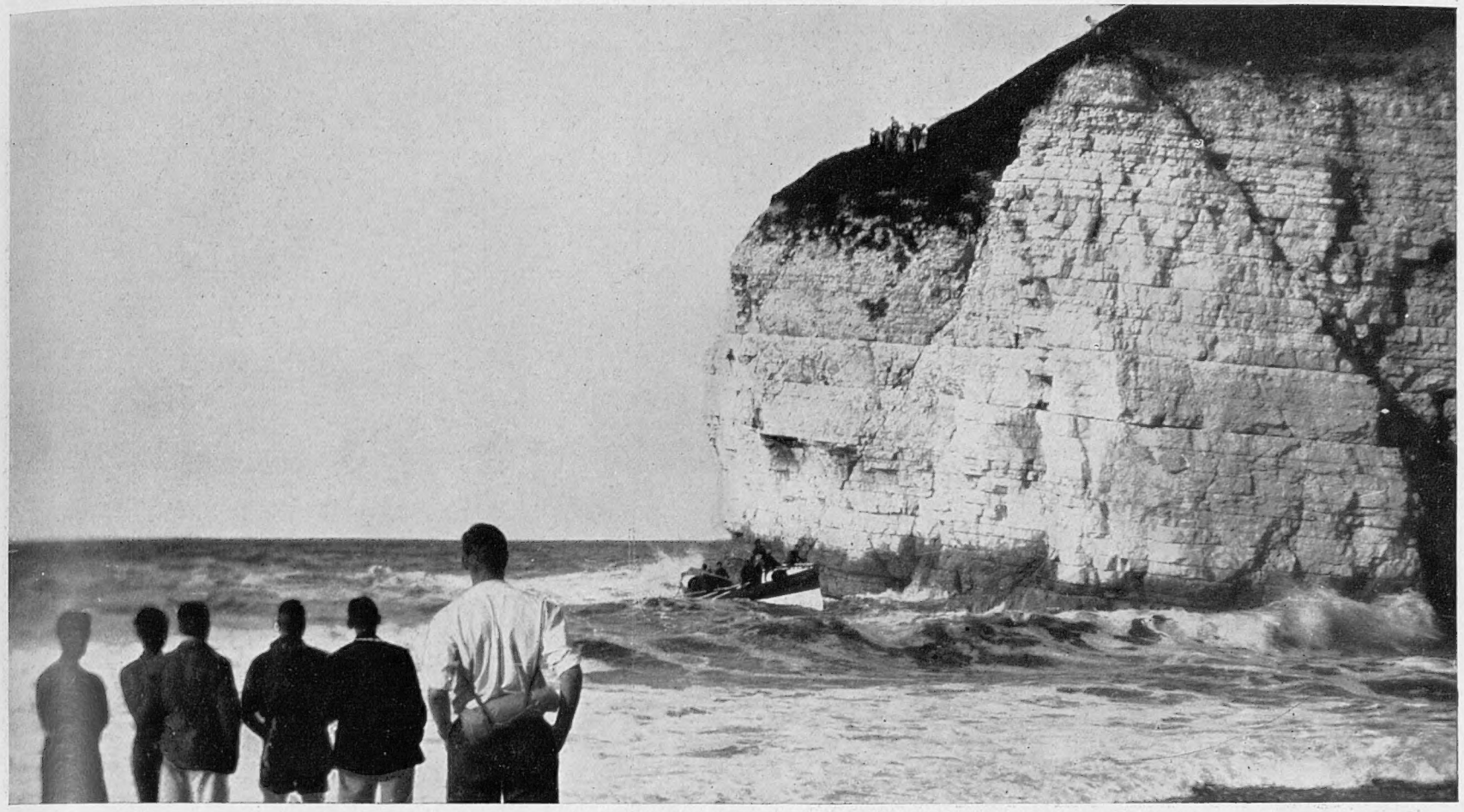


AUSTRALIA ON TOP: Woodfull playing a ball from Clark, who was bowling leg-theory, during the fifth and final Test Match of the 1934 series at the Oval. Thanks to Ponsford (266) and Bradman (244) the tourists finished their first innings with the mammoth total of 701, thus giving England a well-nigh impossible task



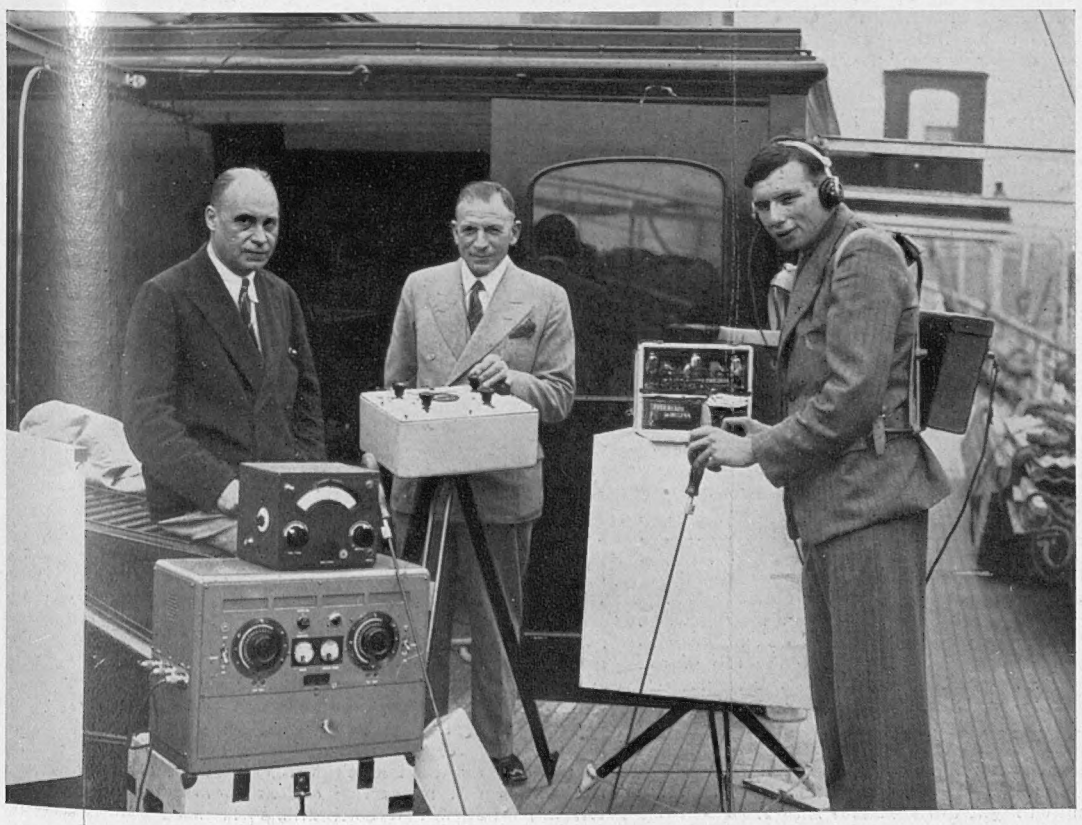


THE CHALLENGER ARRIVES: Two pictures of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's yacht, *Endeavour*, at Newport, Rhode Island, where she is being refitted with her racing gear in preparation for the forthcoming contest for the America's Cup. *Right*—Making final adjustments to the steel mast. *Left*—Putting the mast into position. *Endeavour* has been highly praised by American experts who have seen her

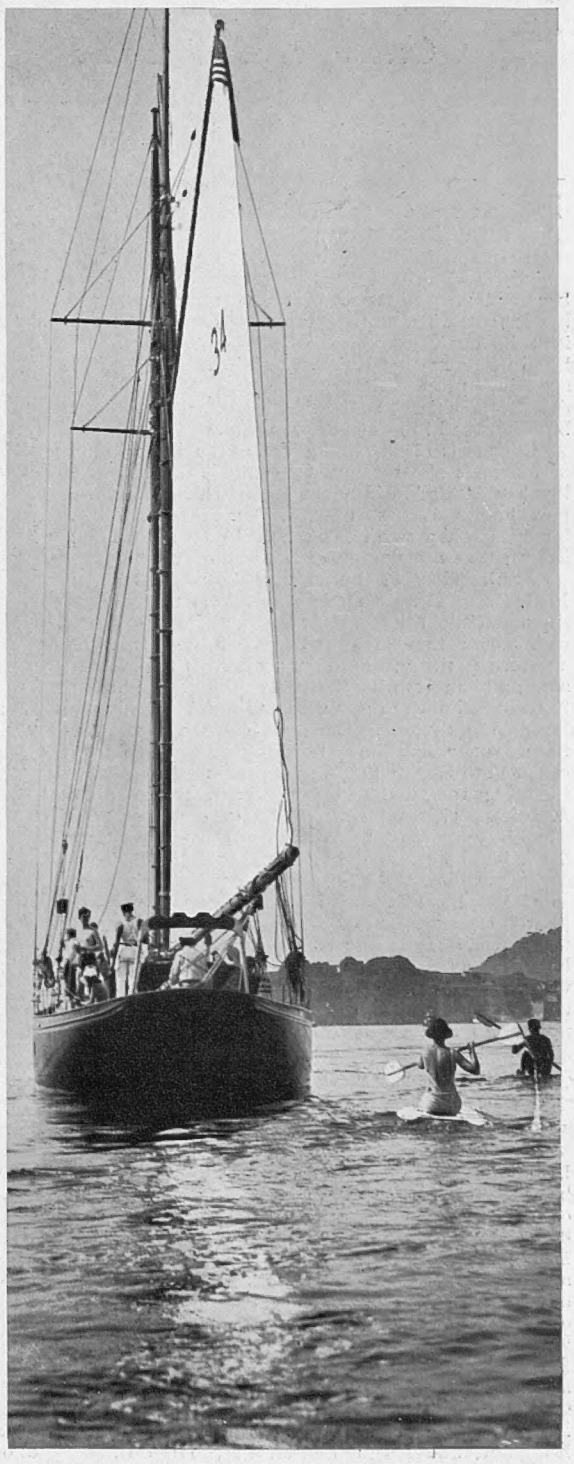


RESCUERS RESCUED: A lifeboat going to the aid of three Bradford youths who were marooned by the incoming tide on the rocks at Thornick Bay, on the Yorkshire coast. A short while before the youths had saved a woman from drowning

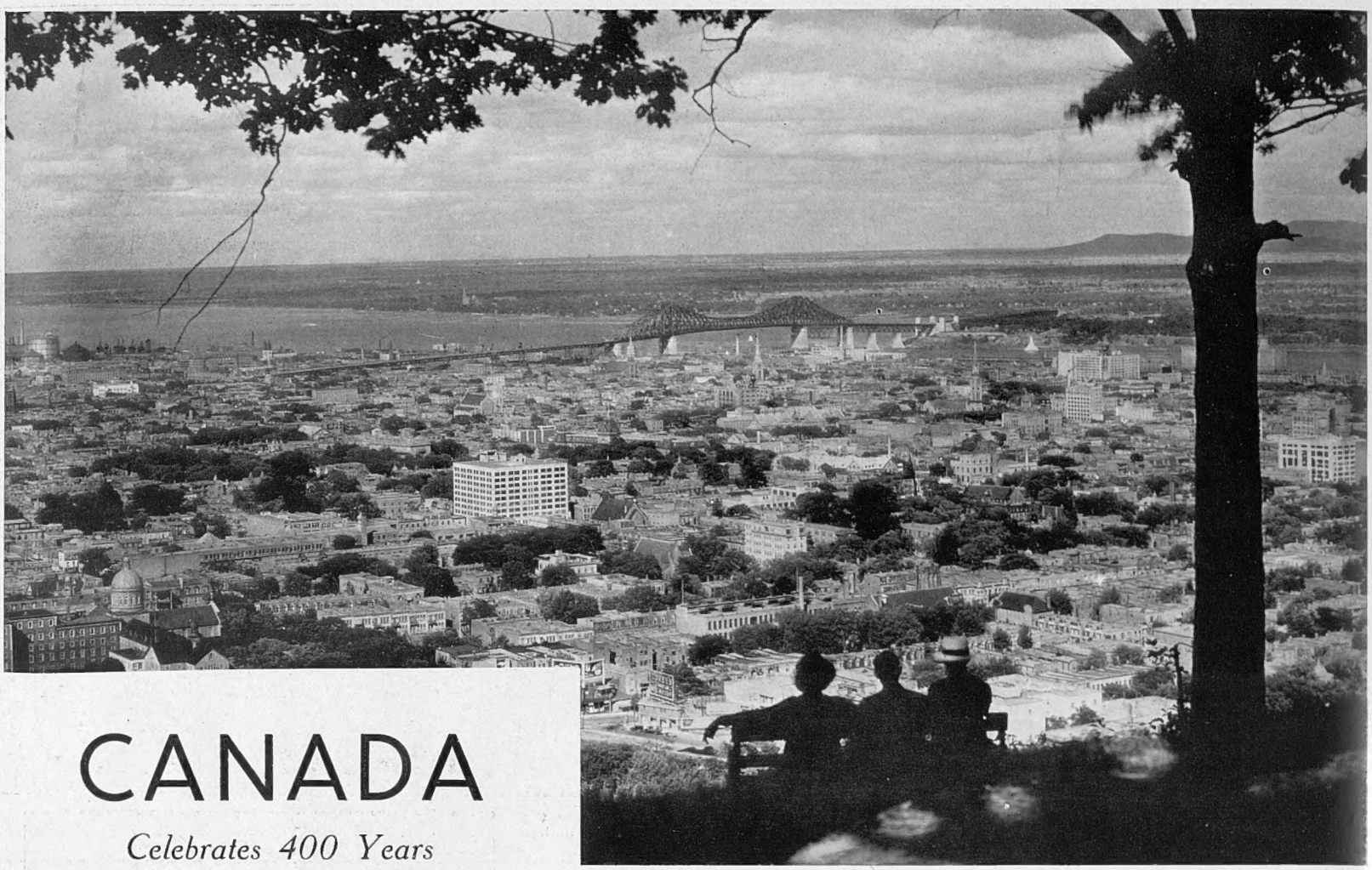
THE WRECKED "LEONARDO DA VINCI": The monoplane in which Captain George Pond and Lieutenant Sabelli crashed on a hillside near Newport, Pembrokeshire, while making a flight from Italy to Ireland. The two airmen had a lucky escape from death, but Captain Pond dislocated one of his ribs. In May of this year they made a West to East crossing of the Atlantic



SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURERS: Commander F. A. Worsley (centre), who went on two polar journeys with Shackleton, is leading an expedition to the Cocos Islands in search of buried treasure. He is here seen with two of his colleagues and with some of the instruments which will be used to locate the gold



OVER A 250-MILE COURSE: The *Lélanta* becalmed during the Royal Ocean Racing Club's Race from Plymouth to Belle Isle, in the Bay of Biscay



A THRIVING CANADIAN METROPOLIS: Montreal viewed from the heights of Mount Royal. The new harbour bridge is to be named after Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence river

CANADA

Celebrates 400 Years of History

MEMORIES of historic events have crowded upon Canada this year. No less than four important happenings have reached a celebration point in this year of 1934, which is exactly 400 years since Canada first became known to Europe. The celebrations began in May when Toronto, the capital of Ontario, signalized its centenary as a fully corporate city. Its hundred years of growth have made it, for English-speaking people at any rate, one of the most delightful cities in Canada, enriched with fine buildings and full of life and energy.

Canada is also commemorating the large influx of colonists she received when the United Empire loyalists flooded in from the United States to found new homes across the St. Lawrence. These loyalists hold a warm place in the hearts of Canada, but they are not equally well known over here.

At the close of the War of Independence, in 1783, Great Britain made a generous treaty with the new United States of America, giving up all her rights over the former colonies—a vast tract of Western territory, and the navigation of the Mississippi, and in return asked only for fair conditions to be meted out to those who had fought loyally for her during the war. Congress had agreed to this, but no sooner had the last of King George's soldiers returned to England than they proceeded to scoff at the safeguards, and to oppress in every way those American citizens who had been unfortunate enough to adhere to their English sentiments. Their lands were confiscated, no British merchant could get his debts paid, and the position became so intolerable that over 100,000 preferred to leave their homes and restart life in Canada. Many of them made their way to St. John's, where they became the founders of the Province of New Brunswick. Others came to the shores of Ontario, where the British Government gave them land, and all necessities till they were able to manage for themselves. It is 150 years since the loyalists found a refuge in Canada, and helped to build up the Great Dominion.

FRENCH-SPEAKING CANADA — roughly speaking, from Montreal to the Gulf of St. Lawrence — is also celebrating two event, one being the founding of the town of Three Rivers, one of the oldest towns, famous as a trading station, and the other no less than the discovery of Canada itself. It was in the spring of 1534 that two small vessels sailed out from St. Malo in Brittany on a voyage of exploration. The leader of the small company of 120 men was Jacques Cartier, a skilful navigator, whose name is now enrolled among the great path-finders of history. The voyage was an easy one, and Newfoundland was reached without difficulty. Cartier guided his ships through the Straits of Belle Isle, which separate Newfoundland from Labrador, and found himself in a large inland sea, which he later named the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from the saint on whose natal day it was discovered. He skirted the islands in the gulf, and sailed down the shores of New Brunswick, delighting in the beauty of its shores, in its forests of maple and pine, and the meadows rich in wild flowers. At a northern promontory which they named Gaspé, Cartier erected a huge cross, to which he affixed a shield bearing the arms of France. At this point Cartier was at the mouth of the great river of Canada, the St. Lawrence, but he was not aware of it; and as the season was now getting late he returned home, being received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The next year another expedition set sail from St. Malo, consisting this time of three vessels manned not only by Breton sailors, but carrying members of some of the greatest families in France. The whole nation was excited by the story of a new land, and was filled by that ardent spirit of adventure, mingled with a lust for wealth and keen religious zeal, which was so marked a feature of the sixteenth century. On this voyage Cartier experienced what the Atlantic could do in the way of storm, and his little ships got driven apart, so that the summer was well advanced when they met in the Straits of Belle Isle.

THEY SAILED along the northern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and then entered the river, he and his companions gazing with wonder at its huge cliffs, and the awesome darkness of its tributary, the Saguenay. Indians, in their birch-bark canoes, glided out on the waters to see these strange marvellous boats, and proved quite friendly in their interest. Cartier continued up the main stream, passing the Ile d'Orléans, which the sailors called the Isle of Bacchus, owing to the masses of wild vines they found growing on it. Just beyond the island the river narrowed, running between precipitous rocks and forming a basin.

On the northern side was a great shoulder of rock, the famous promontory crowned to-day by the city of Quebec. At that time, a native village called Stadacona clustered on the summit, whose chief, Donnacona, welcomed the strangers, but was averse to their proceeding higher up the river. However, Cartier persisted, going on in the smallest of the three vessels, and finally reached a fertile island on which he found a large palisaded Indian village named Hochelaga. Here again he was welcomed, the Indians regarding the strange white men as almost divine, bringing their sick people to be cured. They guided Cartier to the top of the wooded mountain which crowned their island, and from its summit he looked over a vast expanse of country, all covered with forest, just then beginning to flame into the gorgeous colours of autumn. He named the mountain Mount Royal, the name which spread to the city of Montreal which was afterwards to occupy the site of the Indian village.

Cartier spent the following winter under the cliff of Quebec, enduring terrible hardships, being entirely unprepared for the severity of a Canadian winter. Scurvy attacked his men, a quarter of whom died, until they learnt from an Indian of a medicine, made from an evergreen, which soon cured the sick men. He returned to France in the spring of 1536, and does not appear to have been eager to go back to Canada, but was persuaded to do so in 1541 under the leadership of a French noble-man, De Roberval, who was intending to found a colony. Misfortunes attended this effort, and the colonists, such as were left, returned to France in 1543, leaving no permanent trace of their effort. Cartier had slipped off home the previous year to St. Malo, where he spent the closing years of his life.

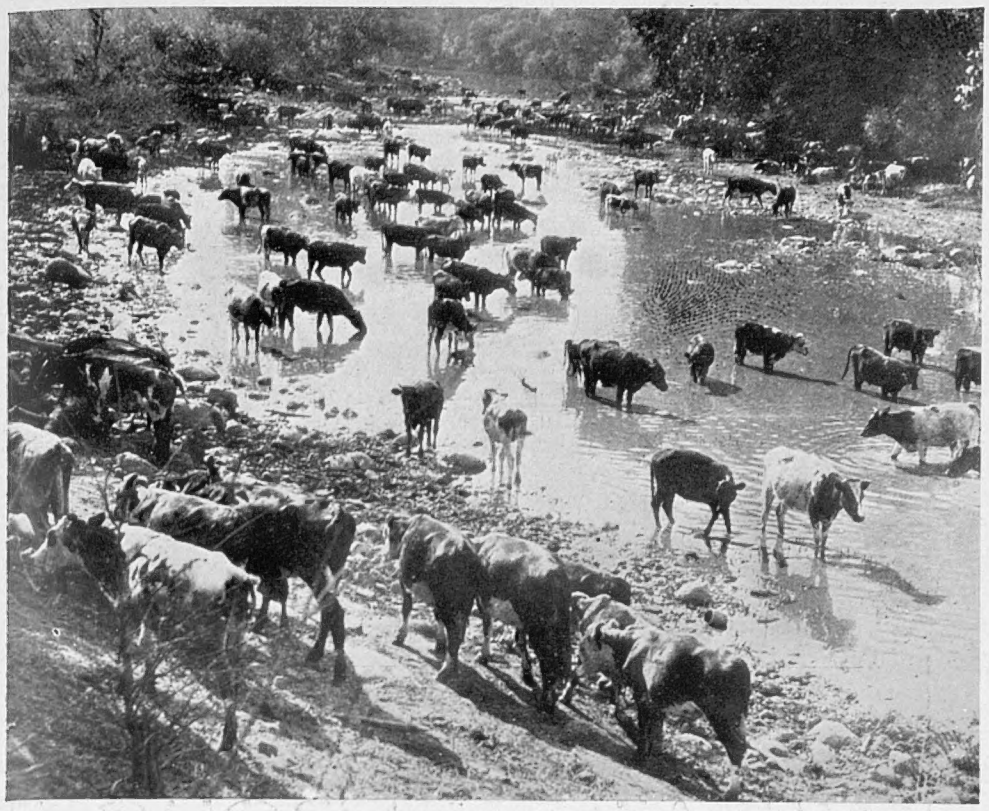
Cartier had discovered the great highway of Canada for France, but for sixty years after the return of the disheartened settlers nothing further was done. It was not until 1603 when Samuel de Champlain revisited the land claimed by France that the real colony was founded and the beginnings of New France were laid down. Its subsequent history was one of great endeavour, hard living, fierce fighting with the Iroquois Indians, and the passionate enthusiasm of the Jesuits to win a new world for God. It was zeal for the Church which founded the fair city of Montreal which, in the words of Parkman, the great historian of Canada, "owed its conception and its birth to religious zeal alone." In 1641 an heroic little band of religious men and women settled upon the island, in spite of all warnings of their danger from Indians, and determined that the Church was to be first in everything. The work of the Jesuits in Canada is a pæan of heroism—nothing daunted the devoted men who braved death, and, what was far worse, the ghastly tortures which only the fierce Indians could ever have conceived, all for the desire to save souls.

France held Canada until the taking of Quebec by Wolfe in 1760 during the Seven Years War. In the subsequent treaty Canada was handed over to Great Britain and this summer sees both nations joining in the celebrations to commemorate the discovery of the hitherto unknown land, by Jacques Cartier, 400 years ago.

Monsieur Pierre Flandin, the French Minister of Public Works, accompanied by Dr. Charley, the Rector of the University of Paris, are representing France, travelling across the Atlantic in the warship *Champlain*. The first ceremony was due to take place on August 24 at Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island, and to-day (Saturday) a stone cross is to be erected at Gaspé on the spot where Cartier put up the first cross in Canada. At Quebec a painting of Cartier's first landing will be presented to the city by the French Minister, and further ceremonies will be carried out at Montreal and Ottawa, the whole celebrations lasting from August 24 to September 8.

B. H.

A FOREIGN SURVEY



SAVED FROM THE DROUGHT: Some of the 28,000 cattle which have been transferred from America's waterless Middle-Western states to the Federal range near the Olentangy River, Ohio. During the past few months many herds have been practically wiped out

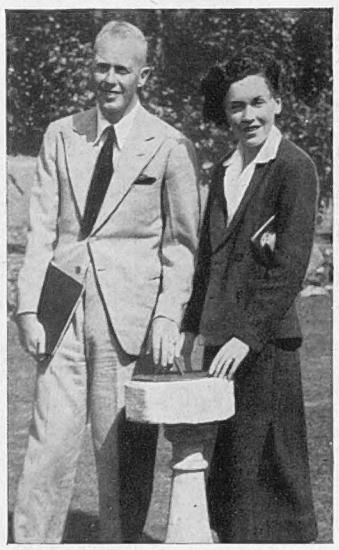
A ROYAL HOUSE PARTY: Princess Ingeborg and her guests at Fridhem Castle, Sweden. Left to right, standing—Prince Carl of Sweden, Prince George of Denmark, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, Prince Fleming of Denmark, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, Queen Astrid of Belgium, and Princess Margaretha of Denmark. Seated at the top of the steps is Crown Princess Marta of Norway, and below are Prince Baudouin of Belgium, Princess Astrid of Norway, and Princess Josephine of Belgium

HE BAY OF BISCAY LIVES UP TO ITS REPUTATION: Bathing in a rough sea at Biarritz, the fashionable French resort where so many English people are again spending their holidays this year. *Right*—An aerial view of the prison on Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay, in which Al Capone, once the most notorious of all gang leaders, is to serve the remainder of his eleven years sentence. He recently took part in a plot to escape from Atlanta penitentiary

SUMMER IN LATVIA: *Left*—Holiday-makers on the beach at Majori, a popular seaside resort in the Gulf of Riga. *Right*—An episode in Riga's open-air pageant depicting the history of the Lettish people

EN ROUTE FROM SANDRINGHAM TO BALMORAL: The King chatting with Major G. H. A. MacMillan (who was in command of the guard of honour) after the arrival of the Royal train at Ballater railway station, Aberdeenshire. Before joining His Majesty in Scotland, the Queen is spending a few days with the Princess Royal at Harewood House, Yorkshire

MARRIED: Mr. Harold Huth, the actor, and his bride, Lady Hindlip. Before her first marriage in February, 1932, she was Miss Bridget Nickols. The ceremony took place at Marylebone Register Office on Wednesday morning



ENGAGED: Mr. John Villiers Farrow, the film director, and Miss Maureen O'Sullivan, the Irish film star, at the latter's home at Killiney, Co. Dublin

A TASK FOR THE GROUND STAFF: This picture gives some idea of the immense quantities of litter, consisting largely of newspapers, left by the Test match crowd at the Oval

MEMBERS OF THE WHEAT ADVISORY COMMITTEE which has been meeting at the Board of Trade Offices in Whitehall to discuss price regulation and other questions. On the left of this group is Mr. L. V. Steere, United States delegate, and on the right is M. Pilja, of Belgrade

WHEAT *and* DROUGHT

A Rainless Summer Reduces the World Surplus—Argentina Decides to Break the International Agreement

NOT MUCH more than a year ago, at least three countries were shovelling good wheat into power-house furnaces to relieve the market of a huge surplus. To-day many people believe, actually quite wrongly, that there is a world shortage of wheat coming this winter. At any rate, wheat is a very important commodity at the present moment. A few days ago the Chicago wheat "pit"—on a busy day viewed from a safe distance it is rather like a pit containing three terriers and a score of rats—went mad. Prices soared and dropped as quickly, rich operators making money while small speculators lost it. The Chicago disturbances affected the Liverpool and London markets, combining with other forces to raise the London price of flour to 27s. 6d. per sack, or 31s. 6d. plus the quota payment of 4s. per sack for British growers. As a result the price of a 4-lb. loaf to the London shopper rose from 7½d. to 8d. last Monday, an increase that may be considered by some unjustified but is nevertheless in accordance with the Food Council's scale. That is the main effect of the Chicago boom, based on the skilful propagation of a rumour of coming shortage, on our bread.

AT the same time the Wheat Advisory Committee has been having meetings, some of them very important, at the Board of Trade. This Committee was born out of the International Wheat Agreement of last year, which fixed the amounts of wheat to be exported in the year ended August 1, 1934, by the chief exporting nations. Twenty-one countries, including Argentina, United States, Russia, and Australia, signed this agreement, and sixteen of them were represented at the conference in London. Its task is not an easy one; in fact it is very difficult. It has had to consider (a) how much of last season's crop is left on the hands of the chief exporting countries, wheat that they would like to see out of their elevators and turned into cash; (b) what will be the probable world wheat crop this year, and so the probable exportable surplus; and (c) how to fix the amounts that may be put on the world's markets for sale by the exporting countries in the period August 1, 1934, to August 1, 1935, without disturbing the market and bringing the price down to an uneconomic level. The solution of the last-mentioned problem was not made easier by the announced intention of Argentina to break the agreement and export the whole of the surplus of the 1933 crop.

In a recent article in THE SPHERE on the international wheat situation I ventured to suggest that the talk of a world wheat shortage in the coming winter, as a result of the summer's drought, was absurd. This would seem to be borne out by the figures given by the Secretary, Mr. A. Cairns, at one of the meetings of the Committee. Pointing out that the 1933–34 world crop was far above the average, he showed that on August 1 the world stocks of wheat amounted to about 1,140,000,000 bushels, as against stocks of 1,120,000,000 bushels in August, 1933. To appreciate how large this surplus is, the "normal" surplus, i.e. the average for the period 1922–28, would be about 625,000,000 bushels.

To offset this surplus there is the remarkable contraction in the 1934 world wheat crop. Figures show that the drought has affected almost every wheat-producing country. The story of the United States, the greatest sufferer, is well known. The average United States wheat crop is about 800,000,000 bushels, but it is doubtful whether this year's crop will be as much as 500,000,000 bushels. Last week the U.S. Department of Agriculture officials stated that there might be no American wheat exports at all in 1935! Canada also suffered from the drought, though not so severely as the States, and her crop is likely to be much smaller than last year's. It is too early to attempt to make an accurate estimate. Russia was also hit by the drought, especially in the Ukraine, and the reports of famine are so persistent and come from such varied sources that it would seem that they are something more than idle rumour. At any rate, Russia is hardly likely to be a serious exporter of wheat in the coming year.

The French and German harvests are short, as are the Polish, Greek, and Italian. The Australian crop is likely to be short, but the Argentine is up to the average. The British crop is coming out well—incidentally experts will have to revise their ideas about the effect of two years' drought on corn and fruit crops—and the marketable supply of home-grown wheat is expected to be 29,000,000 cwts., 2,000,000 more than last year, and 10·8 million more than in 1932–33. There are many critics of the wheat quota, but it has at least saved British corn-farming from extinction.

THE FACT that Argentina has a good crop and so a large exportable surplus while her competitors have short crops was not likely to make agreement at the Wheat Conference any easier. Argentina wants, and will probably get, authority to export larger quantities of wheat this year than last, and she has already exceeded her 1933–34 quota. If she continues with this policy, which is one of sending all surplus cereals out of the country as soon as possible, she will upset the balance of competition in the European markets, to the detriment of the States, Canada, and other exporters. Further, she will depress the price of wheat, and thus frustrate the main object of the Wheat Agreement, which is to raise the minimum price of wheat to a level that will give the farmers an adequate return for their labour.

J. Baker White

LONDON IN AUGUST

PERAMBULATION IN THE PARK: One method of keeping cool on a hot August afternoon

"FORTY WINKS": A pavement artist slumbers against the railings near Hyde Park Corner, but leaves his hat conveniently dented to receive the contributions of passers-by

Left—A TIDAL PLAYGROUND: The beach near Tower Bridge is now open to children when the Thames is at low tide. On any fine afternoon crowds of youngsters can be seen waiting for the ladder leading to the foreshore to be lowered. A waterman is always present in case of accidents

A GALLERY OF THE GREAT: A sightseer preparing to photograph some of the statues at the base of the Albert Memorial. The first three figures on the left represent Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe

A LONDON CHARACTER: Mr. Arthur Pelton has been engaged for over thirty-one years in selling chair tickets in Hyde Park, and numbers among his many thousands of customers both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York

A SYSTEM WHICH FRANCE INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD: One of the many thousands of pedestrian crossings in Paris. They were first used when M. Chiappe was Prefect of Police, and have proved highly successful in reducing the number of accidents

The World Toll of the Road

France and Her Traffic Problem

The First of a Series of Articles on Conditions Abroad

EVERY VISITOR to Paris is familiar with the "assassins" who drive the taxis and buses. "The Parisian chauffeur is like Fate," observes E. V. Lucas, and continues as if describing the habits of some strange carnivora in a book on travel in wild parts: "There is no escape if you enter his car; he lights his cigarette, sinks his back into his seat, and his shoulders into his back, and his head into his shoulders, and drives like the devil. He seems to have no life of his own at all: he exists merely to urge his car wherever he is told . . . Always terrible, he is worst in winter, when he is dressed entirely in hearthrugs."

I have never been in a smash in London. In Paris I have been in so many and narrowly missed so many others, that I have long since ceased to count, if not to care. Yet it is the London driver who is the greater assassin—not the Parisian. In the 185 sq. miles of the Seine department, with its 5,000,000 inhabitants, only 237 were killed in street accidents in 1932, while in the 700 sq. miles of the Metropolitan and City areas of London, with only 2,500,000 more inhabitants, 1,280 were killed in 1933. Per cent. of the populations this works out at London, ·0172, and Paris, ·00474, a net debit against London of ·0125 per cent.

To write on the toll of the roads in England is easy. The Minister of Transport, not content with merely totting up the number of people killed annually in the United Kingdom, sets a battalion of statisticians at work to analyse this total exhaustively under twenty-nine different classifications. You can answer with ease the most complicated questions such as, "If you were an experienced woman driver, aged over fifty-five, what month of the year, day of the week, hour of the day, sort of road, sort of weather, type of vehicle, at what speed would you drive, what previous driving convictions, what personal condition or physical defect would or would not be necessary, (a) in order to run the least risk of being killed, or (b) in order to gratify a suicidal tendency with the greatest facility?" If you wanted to be fussy you could choose the "features of the locality" and the width of the road that you preferred.

THE ANSWER to (*b*) above for the year 1933 is that, you, being in an "apparently normal" condition with no "known physical defects" would have taken a private car out to the country, probably Surrey, on Monday, August 5, between 1 and 3 p.m. on a road "exceeding 15 ft. but under 20 ft. wide," the traffic being "very light," the weather being perfect, your speed "exceeding 20 miles an hour but under 40 m.p.h.," the features of the locality being an "open view," there being no policeman or traffic control to hinder you, you would have ended your days by colliding with an "object at the side of the road but not extending over the carriage-way." Had you been "under the influence of drink or drugs," "asleep," "fatigued," "blind in one eye," had "only one arm," been "generally infirm," had a "disability other than the above," or a "previous conviction," your chances of a successful suicide with the same car in the same road circumstances would have been, surprising as it may seem, seriously decreased, for possessed of any of the foregoing disabilities the "ideal" choice of conditions necessary for a fatal accident would in each case have been quite different. You will note that *ex hypothesi* you were an "experienced" driver. What an "inexperienced" lady of the same age would do, heaven alone, or rather the Minister of Transport, knows, but I can't be bothered to spend another half-hour working it out.

The Minister of Transport seems to me to have invented an excellent addition to those winter evening parlour games which you play round the fireside armed only with pencils and paper. Nor would it be a frivolous or stupid game to play, for the question I drew up, above, is but one of innumerable others which would render entertaining the absorption of information that, if properly digested by the community at large, would greatly decrease the number of fatal accidents.

Similar official statistical reports do not exist in France. The Prefect of Police puts out a one-page analysis of Paris accidents, but that is all. The incomplete, scrappy statistics and other information offered here have been patiently collected from innumerable and diverse organizations, such as the Automobile Club de France, the International Bureau of Automobile Manufacturers, and the International Road Congress.

In recent years an intensive and successful effort has been made in France to reduce the number of road accidents. A direct comparison of the available British and French figures is practically impossible as conditions in the two countries are widely different, but despite the lowness of the French figures, both absolutely and relatively, when factors such as the density of the population, number of roads in existence and the number of vehicles on them, have been taken into consideration, my impression is that the danger to life and limb in Great Britain as a whole is considerably less than in France.

THE ONLY directly comparable statistics available for the two countries are those for fatal motor car accidents. In Britain in 1933, there being 2,297,000 cars, 5,957 persons were killed. The number of accidents per 100,000 cars was 259. The proportion of cars per 1,000 miles of road was 12·76. There were forty miles of road per 10,000 of the population. In the same year in France, there being 2,414,000 cars, 4,505 persons were killed. The number of accidents per 100,000 cars was 186. The proportion of cars per 1,000 miles of road was 6·23. There were ninety-five miles of road per 10,000 of the population. This shows that Britain is definitely a safer place than France for this type of road user at least, for although there are 24 per cent. more killed in motor car accidents in Great Britain, there are 100 per cent. more motor cars in Great Britain per 1,000 miles of road than there are in France.

The difficulty of finding a basis of comparison between road fatalities in the two countries that means anything at all, will be appreciated best if we consider London and Paris. At first sight it seems that the deaths in London cited in my first paragraph are both absolutely and relatively greater than in Paris. A somewhat different light is thrown on them when it is recalled that Londoners prefer *street* to *underground* travel; out of the total number of 4,066,112,000 passengers in 1931 only 641,917,202 travelled by underground. Out of 1,958,218,000 passengers in Paris, 929,000,000 travelled by underground. So that while nearly half the passengers of Paris are removed from the dangers of street accidents by going underground (where fatalities are scarcely known—the Paris Metro, ambling along its carefully lighted tunnels at 10 m.p.h., is probably the most sober public conveyance in the world), more than five-sixths of London's passengers travel on the streets, where they are subject to road risks, which are themselves increased by the very presence of such dense passenger-carrying traffic. While not forgetting that the foregoing figures represent only a partial view of the whole London-Paris road accident picture, they suggest that, taking the different traffic densities into account, the danger to life and limb in each capital is probably about equal; it is even arguable that London is the safer place.

That the apparent speed of the traffic in Paris which so strikes the visiting Londoner is not an illusion is shown by the fact that it is stated that most accidents happen there at high speeds, while a little more than half the accidents in London (and in Britain generally) occur at speeds between 10 and 20 m.p.h.

IF PARIS TRAFFIC problems are less than those of London, it must be admitted that under the "traffic dictatorship" of Chiappe, the now retired Prefect of Police, they have been tackled more energetically and with striking results. No one can obtain a licence in Paris (or in France for that matter) without an exhaustive test, practical and theoretical. The practical test involves handling a clumsy car in the busiest Paris streets, while the theoretical is a thorough catechism in the French road code. *Forty-four per cent. of the examinees were "ploughed" in 1932, which shows that the test is no mere formality.* Chiappe insisted that tram and bus drivers should pass gruelling psycho technical tests every five years to the age of forty and thereafter every two years. In the course of these tests, at an unexpected moment a dummy impersonating a would-be suicide is hurled under the wheels of the bus and the driver's reactions scientifically recorded.

The speed limit for buses has been raised from 15 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. There is no speed limit for vehicles under three tons when loaded. The result has been that since the tests were first imposed in 1924, the percentage of fatal bus accidents has fallen from ·77 to ·354 per 62,000 miles run. It is now being urged that these tests should be obligatory for all drivers. Chiappe led the world with his now famous studded lanes for pedestrians which cross every important and thousands of minor intersections in Paris. These alone, it is stated, reduced the number of pedestrians killed from 244 in 1929 to 145 in 1932. Forty important cross roads have "stop-go" light signals, and many minor cross roads have automatic "stop-go" signals worked by vehicles crossing a "pedal" let into the road seventy-five feet away. Others have traffic signals workable by pedestrians wishing to cross the road.

It has been observed that sudden changes in lighting conditions increase the accident percentages, as at dusk when the street lights are suddenly switched on, or when a storm obscures the sun. Accordingly, a remarkable invention is being installed which will go into action next year throughout Paris, whereby the street lights will be turned on and their volume regulated directly by the atmospheric conditions.

The result of these and other measures, such as fast and slow traffic lanes, have reduced the number of fatal accidents in Paris by 28 per cent. in the last three years; no mean achievement.

Jossleyn Hennessy

Road Accidents in France and Great Britain—A Comparison

Area in sq. miles	Miles of Roads	Population in Millions	Miles of Roads per sq. mile of area	Population per sq. mile	Number of Fatal Motor Accidents in 1933	Number of Motors in Millions	Accidents per 100,000 Cars	Proportion of Motors per 1,000 Miles of Roads
FRANCE: 209,300	388,356	41	1·86	196	4,505	2·414	186	6·23
BRITAIN: 88,745	179,095	44·5	2	501	5,957	2·297	259	12·76

The wide divergence between the physical conditions in France and Britain increases the difficulty of obtaining a basis for comparing the road accident statistics of the two countries

CHURCH PARADE

in Appenzell

This little Swiss town in the valley of the Sitter is famed for its hand-made embroidery and is the capital of the half-canton of Inner-Rhoden. The women are very proud of their needlework, and on Sunday mornings invariably parade in all their finery—it almost amounts to a competition. The curious headgear and beautifully designed aprons which they wear seem to suit young and old equally well

LANCASHIRE

HUMANITY ON HOLIDAY: The crowded Central Beach viewed from Blackpool Tower

IT IS WELL and worthy to observe how the other half of the world lives. After years of every-kind-of-colour coast—blue, emerald, mauve, silver, not to mention amour—I—literally—blew into the Fylde Coast in a half-gale. The same day, forty-one steamers and mail packets blew about this coast, their decks crammed with the industrial North and Midlands, but principally with Lancashire on Wakes Week. The hub of the Fylde Coast, I should mention, is Blackpool.

Each August, that 15,000,000 strung-out metropolis drawn chiefly from Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and W. Yorkshire, insists on taking its annual holiday of one week, ten days, or a fortnight. They refuse to change to other months, or even weeks. The day I plunged into the Fylde Coast, thirty industrial centres of the two roses did likewise. Over a hundred trains pulled into Blackpool—twenty of them must have passed us as we were held up at Preston. These teeming towns will not hear of spreading out their holidays. In Huddersfield the engineers take their week in July, and the textile operators theirs in August, and wild white-horses would not drag either of them from the appointed dates. They don't mind sleeping out in the rain, as many of them have to, provided they are doing so in a specific week in July or August. Bradford some years ago was prevailed upon to change over from August to July, but the wool capital has now reverted to the former custom, and wanting to meet or see, each year, the same people from the same places.

There is nothing in Europe or out of it at all in the same line as this mammoth holidaying of whole cities according to plan. One has to crash into the middle of it to realize the extent of the phenomenon. Never have I felt such a straw in a swirling current. Sometimes I hardly dared open my lips. I looked different to start with; walked differently. I was Southern and soft. "A toff." How many eyes told me that? And on the few occasions that I had cause to enunciate the English language the result was usually a look of incomprehension.

All this is to point out that I have been through a courageous personal occasion in my visit to the Fylde Coast. I have not known what or when to eat; how to tackle hotel people; what to answer to strangers; how long to stay out at night and when to get up in the morning. I have been in a far, far more foreign land than any I know round Europe. The only Continental comparison, at all possible, is Les Sables d'Olonne, below Nantes, when what is called "bad Paris" crushes thither in August. No other country possesses even the semblance of a Fylde Coast. Mussolini's Roman-holiday creation, Ostia, is a languid little affair. Other capitals are too far from the sea, even did they possess our North's terrific urge to get away, if only for a week each year, but at all hazards, from blackened towns and cities reeking with the nineteenth-century industrial revolution. But no doubt I am only showing my ignorance. A prime reason these cities are evacuated in mass is in order that the accumulation of a year's industrial grime may be swept away. The mills rely on one quiet week for cleaning down and overhauling machinery.

AS IT TRANSPIRES, geography has been kind. The 15,000,000 metropolis can choose from the Lakes, the Yorkshire Dales, the Fylde Coast, Snowdonia, and Manxland; and this year, slump or rain, it was choosing from the whole collection. Lancashire may have taken two further knocks during the days in question (from Germany and Austria), but there was no external sign of it, and cotton and looms were forgotten. Of course everyone saves up for this holidaying. A small town like Congleton handed out £12,000 for its Wakes Week. Nevertheless, it is only fair to say, as a person used to viewing foreign scenes, that the industrial North failed to strike me as I had been prepared to be struck. It *may* be sordid and dreadful—but what of the tremendous building development in progress right and left? For 30 miles I motored across a magnificent arterial road in Lancashire, and in the years ahead its whole length will be studded with healthy homes.

BUT TO GET BACK to the start: this occurred at the North Wall Quay, Dublin. The entire first class being packed with a Horse Show exodus, why not go steerage, staying on deck? I propped myself up against a donkey-engine, whose warmth I was later that night to be thankful for, and sought oblivion. How ignorant we toffs can be! As if these holidaying hundreds intended *sleeping*. They produced concertinas, mouth-organs, guitars, and they sang every popular air umpteen times over, from *Mavourneen* to *Sing to me, Gipsy*. They were still singing the latter, after ten hours, as we berthed at Liverpool. I, who have written favourably about gipsies, could have strangled any one of them showing his face.

The attention of any transient in Liverpool is currently directed to the Mersey Tunnel. Civic pride in this two-mile boring is colossal, although there is much doubt whether it will pay its way. One aspect concerns tolls which are kept down through absence of pedestrians. I innocently began entering the gleaming white architecture, which shows up so bluntly the jet-black buildings round St. George's Hall, and was promptly handled in that abrupt Northern manner one has to get used to. Apparently pedestrians would be poisoned by the carbon-monoxide fumes during the half-hour necessary for walking through. From Liverpool, I decided to head for the Lakes and see the real thing in mass rambling, hiking, walking. A quick but comprehensive tour was mapped. From Pooley Bridge, near Penrith, along the Howtown side of Ullswater to Patterdale, over the Kirkstone to Ambleside, up the Langdale and over the Stake Pass into Borrowdale, round the farther side of Derwent Water by Brandlehow to Keswick, and then over the Sticks Pass back to Ullswater and Penrith. But, alas, this would take days, so I had to be content with parts of it, viewed

THE CIRCUS PERFORMERS PARADE THROUGH THE TOWN to advertise a Garden Party in aid of the local hospitals

FORGETS ITS G-LOOMS

At Blackpool — the Playground of the Industrial North

By FERDINAND TUOHY

from awheel, and it poured with rain throughout.

What a curious thing is mass suggestioning. A few years ago, no one was walking. When we came home and told people we had been tramping in the Pyrenees most of the summer, they would look at us as if we were tramps—unhygienic, queer, anti-social beings. Now, what did I behold in Lakeland but squads of young men and women, mackintoshed and dripping, stamping up hill and down dale. That night most of them would camp in highly depressing conditions. Even if they could run to rooms, these would not be available. I quickly found that out—so, still stiff from that donkey-engine, repaired back to Preston for a bed. Good strategy for a foreigner. The only flaw was that, prior to sinking away into at least a treble feather bed, I had a high tea. "When in Rome." And that high tea—the apparently inevitable fish part of it—was high in more senses than one.

I RESOLVED to starve rather than have another high tea, deeming these, anyway, to be relics of barbarism. They seemed to leave one's interior all out of order, in relation to the clock. There you were, at 6 or 7 p.m., full of herrings and cocoa, and a strange void ahead for the rest of the evening.

THE RHYTHM OF THE DANCE: The spacious Empress ballroom at the Winter Gardens where 3,000 people can take the floor simultaneously

Next day I took in the Fylde Coast. Momentarily it did not rain, while continuing to blow people's hats off, and I was able to observe young England afoot and awheel. There were more cyclists, and the stock kit for the girls appeared to be khaki blouses and shorts, with cap or beret or bareheaded. They came on sometimes in droves and the girls outnumbered their boy friends, as they also looked to be more in the ascendancy in character. These were the transformed mill-hands one had heard of—the one-time clogs and shawl brigade now Garbo-d for the road as for the dance hall. The majority had platinum hair trailing down one side. They smoked and they joked and were rosy and ripe. Many parties were all-girl. And some parties were attired all alike—in light blue, or light grey or green, from head to foot. Music-hall effect, yet not without an æsthetic appeal when the shading from garment to garment was thoughtfully done.

One again noticed that this new youth divides its time between cigarettes and ice-cream or things suckable on sticks. The no-drinking stories one hears of, look like being true. In other respects, we may have been less of a nuisance. On the Fylde Coast, hostilities have broken out between boarders who want to sleep and young people who organize nightly parties, replete with music, after 11 p.m. Landladies are at their wits' end trying to please both sides, for none know better than these dames that youth threatens more and more to quit roofs when on holiday. At Blackpool there was spectacular proof of this. At the suburb of Squires Gate were encamped 8,000 under canvas. There never can have been such a tent-town: it looked to be nearly a square mile in size. And everything flapping in the gale. I recollected that, 24 years before, when I last had seen Blackpool, I was also looking, just in this very neighbourhood, at something flapping in a gale. That was Hubert Latham, in his Antoinette. Latham alone refused to let down the vast crowd, few of whom had ever seen an aeroplane in flight.

The tent-town at Squires Gate is assuredly a pointer to what is coming in the future. Each transient pays 9d. a night camping fee, and the corporation provides water and sanitation. Many had their cars drawn up alongside their tents. Yet it all seemed a mess to me: this mass camping in the mud. The very essence of this sort of thing being to get away from people.

THE FYLDE COAST was worrying itself about morals, in relation to tent-town. Now that all classes are allowed to go abroad largely in the nude, and that young ladies go away with their boy friends whether their elders like it or not, there has arisen the spectre of tent and caravan laxity. But one suspects that what is worrying hotels, boarding houses, and cafés far more than tent life is the growing tendency not only to take one's bed on holiday but one's food! In Blackpool, I read that many of the ubiquitous suit-cases, to be seen in every second hand, contained preserved and other foods, assembled at home, and planned to last a week's holiday. It reminded me of the young Jew who took his special kosher food on the Atlantic, for eating *en voyage*. There was a delaying coal strike at Halifax (we were in a ten-day boat, anyway) and for the last few days into New York our young Jew had to starve. The special food had gone bad and the steward had thrown it overboard. For some reason the deprived one continued to attend at table, when he hungrily watched devouring Christians.

Blackpool had just left twenty-seven tons of litter during the week-end. Everything is given its publicity value at Blackpool which has adopted U.S. self-boosting methods. Soon it will have five solid miles of illuminations, including giant fairy scenes. Everything at the Queen of the Fylde Coast is big, bouncing and gale-ly. At Pleasure Beach, they have a machine which counts the coppers and makes them up into 5s. bags. The

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THREE GRACES on Blackpool's breezy dunes

WAITING THEIR CALL: Performers at the Tower Circus—one of Blackpool's principal summer attractions

MONTE CARLO REVISITED

An Impression of the Famous Riviera Resort

ONE OF MANY IMPROVEMENTS: The new bathing pool (left) near the beach

By CHARLES GRAVES

YESTERDAY MORNING, after a week of grilling sunshine, so brilliant that everybody has been wearing sun spectacles, my floor waiter refused to draw the blinds when he brought in my breakfast. Instead he turned on the electric light. I told him to turn it out and open the windows. "Oh, monsieur, no!" he implored. "You must not look out of doors yet." Intrigued, I immediately did so, and found a first-class little thunderstorm in full spate. "Monsieur," said the waiter apologetically, "this tempest, of course, comes from Italy." The silly fellow did not realize that it was quite a joy to have a small storm to freshen the air still more, to make the perfume of the flowers more exquisite, and above all, to make English visitors realize enjoyably what execrable weather it must be at home. For if there is even a trickle of rain here in August one knows that there is a perfect deluge elsewhere. Once again it is gloriously fine, and we are all wearing our sun spectacles and wondering which is which of the new edition of Les Girls.

THE LATEST EDITION OF LES GIRLS: Members of the Monte Carlo Follies of 1934 who entertain at the Casino

Monte Carlo in the summer is inextricably associated nowadays with these blonde beauties. And just as the Irish sweep, if it has done nothing else, has proved without question that the law of averages exists, so Les Girls prove that America is undoubtedly a nation, moulding its immigrants into a form as immediately recognizable as the long upper lip of the Irishman. Take, for example, the present edition. They or their parents come from Oslo, Heidelberg, Warsaw, Edinburgh, Dublin, Lyons, or Munich. In scarcely one instance have their families been more than a generation in the United States. And yet they are as like as peas—pretty, vivacious, alternately sentimental or cynical.

René Léon, the presiding genius of Monte Carlo, had in mind the idea of having a permanent troupe of them here—to form the post-boom successors of the Russian Ballet in the days when Grand Dukes had grand ducal incomes. But he has so far been persuaded to allow a series of editions of Les Girls to be presented here.

Incidentally, though two or three numbers are given during dinner time at 11 p.m., the full show does not start until 1.45 a.m. and continues until 3.15 a.m. "I know it is a shame for the poor people who come over from Cannes and Antibes and the rest of the coast," René Léon said with a defensive smile, "but after all, the show is expensive and somehow I must persuade them to gamble." Well, they will do that if they have nothing else between dinner and late supper, otherwise they might see the show and go home!

Those of you who have not been to Monte Carlo for three or four years (like myself) will find many changes and additions. The old Winter Sporting Club is empty and is to be turned into flats or something. Its place has been taken by a tall, new, square, cream building close to the Hôtel de Paris. At the moment, of course, the gambling takes place in the Summer Sporting Club down towards the bathing pool, which, by the by is rather interesting.

Very few people know just how far Monaco extends. Its most northerly part is marked by a few stones set in the road opposite the Capitol Cinema in the heart of the town. On the east it ends by the little bridge just beyond the Summer Sporting and on the west by another little bridge towards Beaulieu. All told there are 25,000 inhabitants of Monaco of whom 18,200 are real Monégasques. All of them get their electricity and gas at one-third of the cost price — the Casino having to foot the remainder. But to continue about the changes. These range from the two coffee-coloured hotels by the swimming pool to the disappearance of the funicular to Mont Agel and the appearance of a new gambling game in the Casino. This is known as Monte Carlo hazard though it originates from Cuba. It is played with three dice which the croupier rolls incessantly. You have odds of anything from evens to 180 to 1. This is achieved when the croupier rolls three of a kind, the French for this being *grelan*. It is quite good fun and is frequently the first table to fill up.

Another and welcome change is that the *cagnotte* — officially known as *prélèvement*—has been reduced from 5 per cent. to 2½ per cent. Yet another is that, as advertised in THE SPHERE, you can gamble literally without a roof over your head at several tables. For the moment the gold table has been abandoned. I rather think that only Dutchmen, Germans, and the French who are still on the gold standard failed to be rather over-awed by the heavy yellow metal when tossing it about on the green baize tables. One addition to the Principality that I rather deprecate are fruit machines even in the Casino itself.

The rest of Monte Carlo remains its charming self. But it was not until this, my fifth or sixth visit, that I fully realized what a city of staircases it is. Anyone who has been here knows the Escalier des Fleurs near the Metropole Hotel, but there are simply dozens of them—many with 400 or 500 steps, leading up from the middle of the town. Perhaps they account for the extraordinary number of limping Monégasques. Each morning as before the 150 regulars from Nice and Monte Carlo itself arrive with their 60 or 70 francs and wait an inordinate time until they risk one precious chip.

These people really do live on the Casino, as anyone can who has the patience to spend three hours or more earning 12s. or 15s. It is not only for their sake however that the minimum stake has been reduced from 10 francs to 5 francs in the past year or so—another improvement in my opinion. After all it enables people to have twice as much fun for their money. Another advantage this year is that if you are staying en pension at any of the leading hotels, that is the Hôtel de Paris or either of the beach hotels, you can lunch or dine at any of them or at the Summer Sporting without any additional charge. All you do is to sign the bill with the waiter's pencil, which is just as well as you will almost certainly be in a bathing dress, and few bathing dresses have pockets.

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AT THE TABLES: Gambling with five-dollar gold pieces instead of with the usual chips. This is the first year that this has been done since the war but, according to Mr. Graves, it has now been temporarily abandoned

DINING AND DANCING IN THE OPEN AIR: A night scene at the new Summer Sporting Club. The band is ranged round the illuminated fountain

SWEDEN — The Golden Chamber in Stockholm City Hall

REPRESENTATIVES OF SEVENTEEN NATIONS ENTERTAINED BY THE CIVIC AUTHORITIES IN STOCKHOLM'S PALATIAL CITY HALL: Members of the Medical Women's International Association dining in the famous Golden Chamber during their recent congress. This hall, with its gorgeous mosaics, is one of the wonders of the Swedish capital

INDIA — The Gradual Re-housing of Hyderabad's Vast Slum Population

SOCIAL REFORM: In some parts of India considerable progress has been made in the work of slum clearance. This picture shows a block of model dwellings which has been erected on the outskirts of Hyderabad to accommodate the inhabitants of a condemned area. These houses each cost £157 to build and are of a standard hitherto unknown among the population which in the past has, in the majority of cases, dwelt in huts with mud walls and floors. The Nizam of Hyderabad is particularly interested in re-housing schemes

BABES *of the* WILD

SHOWING THE NEW ARRIVAL ROUND: Hango, the big African elephant at the London Zoo, with two-year-old Jumbo the Second who has recently arrived from the Sudan

A TASTY MORSEL: The black tern feeds its almost fully-grown offspring which is perched on the leaves of a large water lily. The diet of these birds consists of insects and small fish

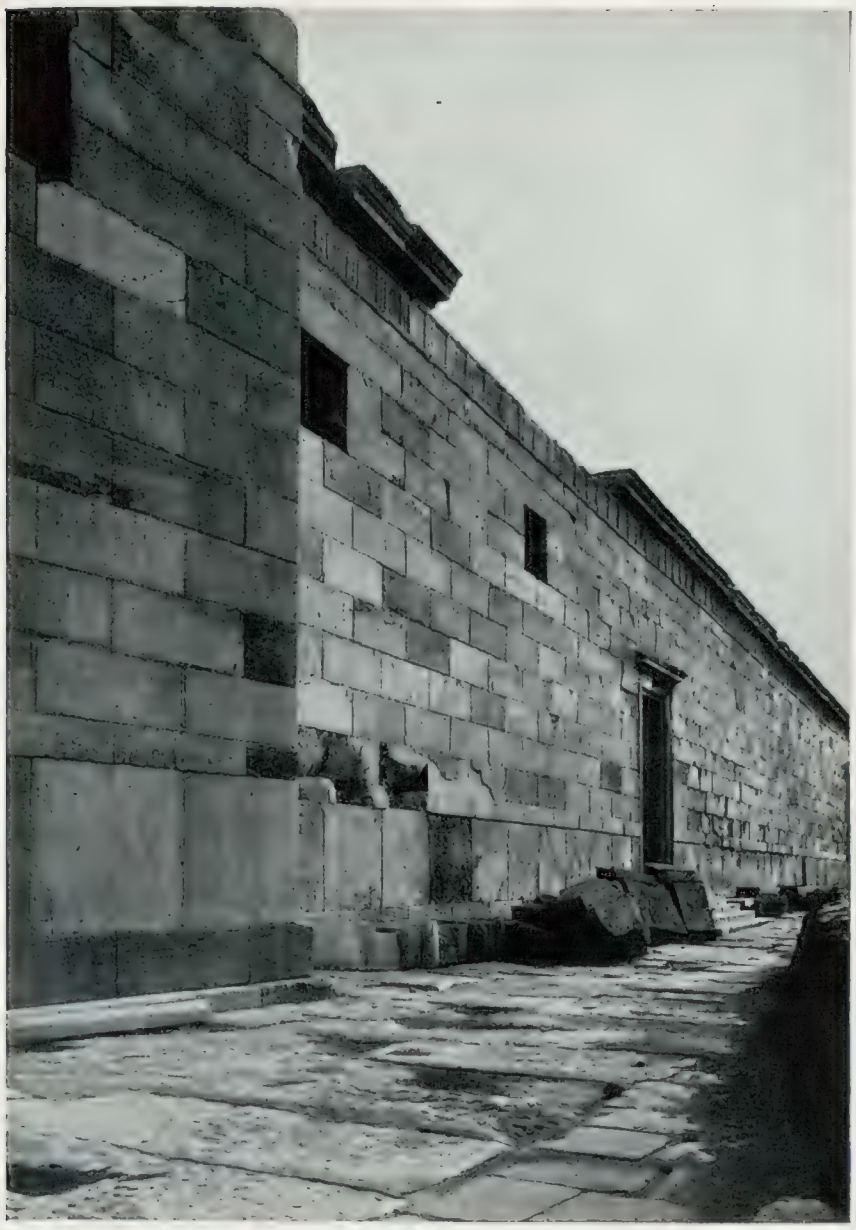
HIGH AND DRY: A great crested grebe swimming on a German lake and carrying her young on her back. She can even dive with one of them under her wing. *Left*—THEIR FIRST OUTING: A trio of young rheas (American ostrich), the first to be born this year at the Whipsnade Zoo

STRIPED STRIPLINGS

A remarkable picture of a wild boar and her family taken in a forest clearing near Eberswalde, Prussia. The young are yellowish in colour for the first six months of their life and are often beautifully marked with white and brown stripes

A RIVAL TO POMPEII

A Record of the Excavation Work which is Now Proceeding at Leptis Magna, Libya



On left above—THE WALLS OF THE FORUM OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS: As this Roman Emperor was born at Leptis Magna he did everything possible to beautify the city, giving it new and finer buildings and spending money upon it with amazing lavishness. The forum, which was one of the greatest works begun there in his reign, has now been excavated by Professor Giacomo Guidi

FOUND IN THE MARKET PLACE: A magnificent head of Venus

THE MARKET: Numerous statues and monuments in honour of distinguished citizens have been discovered there, and in the centre are the remains of two octagonal buildings

THE STEPS LEADING TO THE OLD HARBOUR: As the sea no longer comes in as far as this, a promenade is to be built there

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FORUM: The Emperor Septimus Severus never saw this work which cost him so much to build, as he died in Britain before it was completed

THE THREE-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD city of Leptis Magna, some eighty miles east of Tripoli, is emerging from the Libyan sands as a rival to Pompeii in interest and historical value.

Unique in the world are the beautiful marble support columns of the Basilica of the Cæsars, exquisitely carved in minute details with flowers, animals, and figures. Unique in the whole of Africa is the ancient Roman harbour with walls, steps, and benches most wonderfully preserved.

As guide, I had no less an authority than Professor Giacomo Guidi himself, the famous Italian archæologist, who for six years has been in charge of the monuments and excavations of Tripolitania. Professor Guidi is the most poetic and romantic-minded archæologist I have ever met. Nothing of the dry-as-dust professor about him. He conjures up the Past, to make it as vivid and human as the throbbing Present.

Centuries have filled up the once spacious port, green grass growing at the foot of the walls and harbour-buildings, against whose old stones the sea waves lapped and broke. When I asked the Professor if he intended to clear the harbour for the sea again, he replied that the sea might in time be destructive.

(*Continued on a later page*)

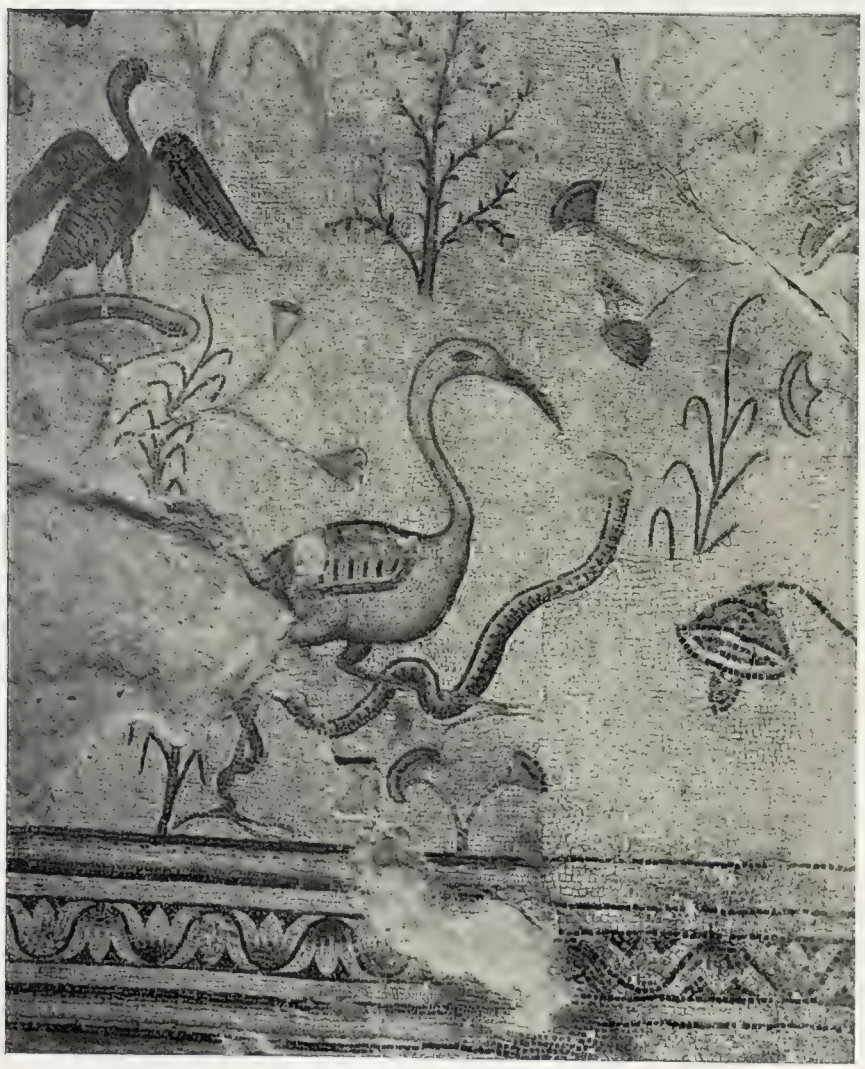
THE NEW MUSEUM

And some Recent Discoveries

A GRECIAN TREASURE-HOUSE: The courtyard of the new museum at Corinth which has recently been presented to the Greek Government by the American School of Classical Studies. It was built from funds subscribed by Mrs. William H. Moore of New York

A MECCA FOR STUDENTS OF ART: The various exhibition rooms of the museum at Corinth surround the central courtyard, and the whole building has been designed in a style reminiscent of the old Byzantine monasteries which once flourished on the islands of the Ægean. As the work of excavation proceeds in the neighbourhood, the various finds will be housed there

IN A WORTHY SETTING: The severely simple style of the sculpture hall in the Corinth Museum is well adapted for the display of these art treasures; while windows set high in the walls provide the best possible light in which to view the exhibits. The building was designed by Mr. W. Stuart Thompson, a New York architect, and is said to be earthquake-proof



FOUND IN A NEWLY-EXCAVATED CHURCH ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE: *Left*—A mosaic floor which is believed to date from the fifth century A.D. In the centre a flamingo is depicted fighting a sea-serpent. *Right*—The Stone upon which Christ is said to have placed the loaves and fishes which he multiplied to feed the five thousand. It was round this that the church was built

A AT CORINTH

in the Holy Land

A REMARKABLE FIND IN BETHLEHEM: This early Byzantine mosaic was accidentally discovered a few feet below the floor of the famous Church of the Nativity while certain repairs were being carried out by Mr. William Harvey, an English architect. The whole floor is now being removed under the direction of the Antiquities Department of the Palestine Government, and when the work is completed a detailed examination is to be made. Mr. Harvey has also been engaged in strengthening the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem

A D[illegible]L OF THE BETHLEHEM MOSAIC: The exact [illegible] to which it belongs is not as yet certain, but the design is typically Byzantine

EARLY CHRISTIAN RELICS: An overhead view of the sacred Stone, associated with the miracle of the Feeding of the Five Thousand, which was found in the church on the shores of Galilee. Below it is a mosaic bearing an inscription written by the Patriarch Martyros and a design representing two fishes and a basket of loaves

Of recent years excavation work in the Holy Land has proceeded apace, and many remark[illegible] finds have been made which are of the greatest interest to the student of biblical history. Dr. Andreas E. Mader, the Director of the Oriental Institute of the German Görres Society in Jerusalem, has recently unearthed an early Christian church on the shores of Galilee which appears to have been built in A.D. 350 on the spot where Christ fed the five thousand. The most important discovery was the unearthing of a stone below the high altar, which is thought to be that upon which Christ laid the loaves and the fishes before the miracle of the multiplying.

Fortunately there is evidence which makes it highly probable that this supposition is correct. For in A.D. 390, forty years after the building of the church, Ætheria, the pilgrim of Aquitania, visited the place, and wrote a description of it which was published some centuries later by Petrus Diakonus in a book on the Holy Places. He wrote as follows: "At the coast of the sea there is a plain covered with grass and palm trees, where seven springs originate, each rich in water. It is the place where Christ fed the crowd. Above the stone on which he placed the loaves there is built a church, and from the walls of the church leads a public street on the side of which Apostle Matthius had his place for paying Custom."

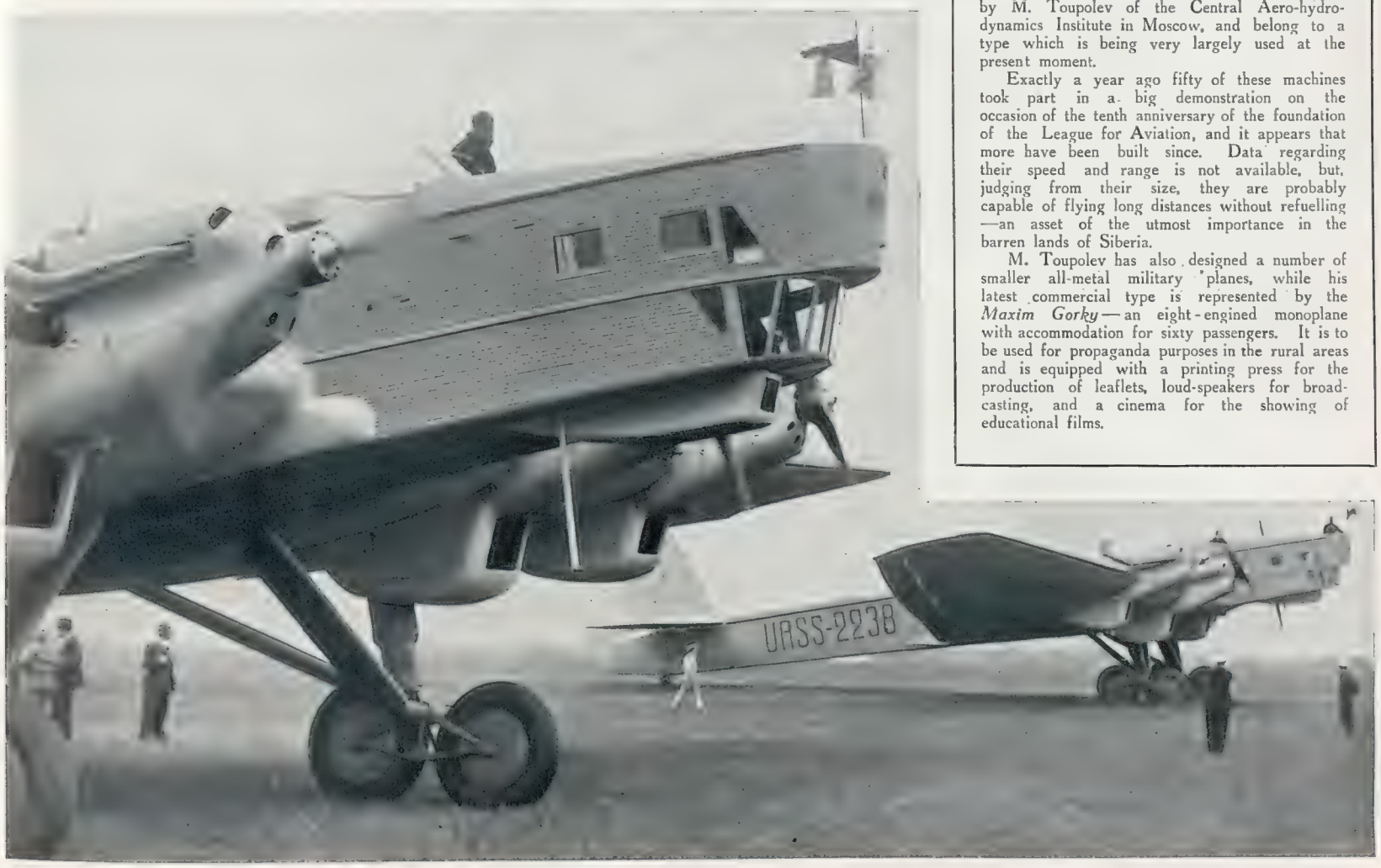
On His Majesty's Service

RUSSIA'S AIRCRAFT

Giant Four-Engined Bombing 'Planes Visit France and Italy

ON A RETURN CALL: One of the three Russian bombers which paid a visit to Rome at the beginning of this month. It is built almost entirely of a light aluminium alloy known as "Koltchugalumin" and belongs to the most advanced military type so far produced in the Soviet Union. Note the all-glass look-out cabin in the forward part of the fuselage, and the manner in which the engines are built into the wings. The crew is drawn up for an inspection by Italian air officials

Below—THE SOVIET BOMBERS AT LE BOURGET, PARIS: Another view of the giant monoplanes taken during their European tour. Details of their performance and equipment have not been revealed but it is known that Russia possesses a large number of these machinee. Their great length is remarkable



Aviation in Russia is making great strides these days, probably because the Government realizes what an important part, if the need arose, the Air Force could play in the defence of the country's Far Eastern boundaries. The four-engined bombers shown on this page were designed by M. Toupolev of the Central Aero-hydrodynamics Institute in Moscow, and belong to a type which is being very largely used at the present moment.

Exactly a year ago fifty of these machines took part in a big demonstration on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the League for Aviation, and it appears that more have been built since. Data regarding their speed and range is not available, but, judging from their size, they are probably capable of flying long distances without refuelling—an asset of the utmost importance in the barren lands of Siberia.

M. Toupolev has also designed a number of smaller all-metal military 'planes, while his latest commercial type is represented by the *Maxim Gorky*—an eight-engined monoplane with accommodation for sixty passengers. It is to be used for propaganda purposes in the rural areas and is equipped with a printing press for the production of leaflets, loud-speakers for broadcasting, and a cinema for the showing of educational films.

A FIFTY-FOOT WALL OF ICE IN THE BAY OF WHALES as seen from the crow's nest of the *Jacob Ruppert*, one of the vessels of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition

A MOTOR TRACTOR WITH SKI ATTACHMENTS: One of these cars is now being used by the party which is engaged in bringing Admiral Byrd back to safety

LOOKING ACROSS THE ICE-BOUND BAY in the centre of which Pressure Camp was established by the expedition

THE EXPEDITION'S MONOPLANE being unloaded from the *Jacob Ruppert*. During its first trial flight it was forced down in a thick fog but was, fortunately, undamaged

THE "JACOB RUPPERT" MOORED AGAINST THE ICE: The dog team is waiting to take a load of stores to the first camp

America in Antarctica

First Pictures of the Arrival of Admiral Byrd's Expedition in the Bay of Whales

A few days ago the brief announcement was made that Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd had been rescued from the observation hut in which he had been maintaining a lonely vigil since the end of March. This statement probably came as a surprise to many SPHERE readers as full details of the movement of the Byrd Expedition had not been widely reported in the British Press.

It was originally the intention of Admiral Byrd to establish an observation station on the Polar Plateau itself somewhere near the Queen Maud Mountains, which would mean that the station would be some 400 miles from the South Pole, with the entire extent of the Great Barrier separating the station from Little America and the Bay of Whales. For various reasons this plan had to be very greatly modified, the difficulties of transporting men and material across the Barrier proving to be more difficult than was expected. The hut was finally built only 123 miles southward from Little America.

Seven men completed the erection of the hut and afterwards started for the base camp at Little America leaving Admiral Byrd entirely alone. The reasons for the leader of the Expedition taking on this isolated task have caused considerable discussion in geographical circles.

An early explanation stated that it was the leader's idea "to bury himself out on the Ross Ice Barrier at 60 degrees and more below zero, to study alone meteorological conditions." A later message from the Expedition seems to indicate a modification of the end in view. "It will be a continuous struggle for existence and an unrelaxing vigilance against fire, cold, and illness. Very likely this is what has prompted Admiral Byrd to take this step. The scientific considerations, which are important, are secondary."

In the meantime the command of the expedition of fifty-five men passed to Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, the scientific leader. It should be remembered that when it is summer here it is winter in the Antarctic, so that after the leader had been left alone, daylight was gradually failing and the darkness of the Polar night descending on the Great Barrier. Admiral Byrd was from time to time in wireless communication with his Base Camp, but communication, we understand, had later become erratic.

Towards the end of July attempts to relieve the leader were put in operation. The first two expeditions failed to reach the station, but on the 9th of this month it was reported that the third was in progress, but here again, mechanical and weather conditions again beset them. Visibility was at zero and the temperature was rising. Members of the expedition went ahead of the tractor planting flags, to replace those which had been buried in snow. The

(Continued on p. 304)

THE SUPPLY SHIP IN DIFFICULTIES: While unloading, the *Jacob Ruppert* constantly had to shift her position owing to the breaking up of the ice

PART OF THE 450 TONS OF STORES which members of the expedition had to transport across the Ice to the main base at Little America

ON THE WAY TO PRESSURE CAMP: A dog team hauling supplies

A TRACTOR testing the strength of a wooden bridge built across a crevasse

What Other People Are Doing

ROUSE SHOOTING ON THE PERTHSHIRE MOORS: Lord Devonport riding to the butts. He is entertaining a party at Kinloch House, Dunkeld

A TRANSCONTINENTAL RIDER: Mr. Francis Tschiffely, who achieved world-wide publicity when he completed a ride of 10,000 miles from Buenos Aires to Washington, has now started on a tour of England, Scotland, and Wales. He hopes to average 25 miles a day

AT LORD DEVONPORT'S SHOOT: Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Burrel, of Lochin, and their loader in the butts. The latest reports from Perthshire indicate that good sport is being enjoyed, and the grouse appear to be healthy and plentiful

A SHAGGY CUSTOMER: Once a year the ponies that roam on Dartmoor are collected by their owners and marked. Those that are not claimed are sold. This youngster is putting up a stout resistance

A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING: The house party at Mount Stewart, the Ulster residence of Lord and Lady Londonderry, on the occasion of the christening of the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Castlereagh. Seated, left to right, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Lord Primate, Lady Castlereagh, holding her daughter, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry. Back row—Dr. Montgomery Hyde, Miss Leveson-Gower, Lady Margaret and Lady Mary Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, and Lady Helen Stewart

MAKERS OF

Behind the Scenes at the Hollywood

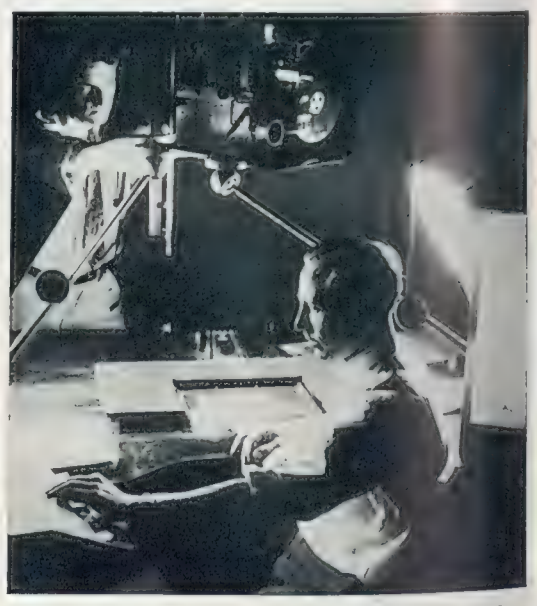
THE MIRTH MAKERS: Mr. Walt Disney (centre foreground) and his employees on the lawn outside his Hollywood studio. Mr. Disney started the business in a garage four years ago

THE ART SCHOOL where members of Mr. Disney's staff receive instruction. A model can be seen posing in the background

LETTERS TO AN IDOL: Mickey and his vast fan mail, the opening and answering of which keeps a large number of secretaries continually busy

HEARD AND NOT SEEN

The band which supplies the musical effects. Not many people know that Mr. Disney himself speaks the part of Mickey in every film



PHOTOGRAPHING THE FINISHED DRAWINGS: Another stage of the work

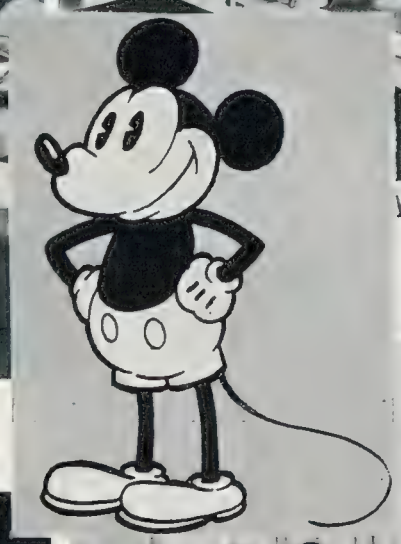
Attempts have been made with varying degrees of success to imitate the famous Mickey Mouse cartoons. This fact alone is a tribute to Mr. Walt Disney, who has created a screen character the antics of which bring joy to tens of thousands of juvenile and adult cinema-goers and which as a box-office draw is in the very front rank. As the cartoons have increased in popularity Mr. Disney has kept pace with the demand, but at the same time has continued to maintain a high standard by increasing his staff until to-day he has over 200 employees assisting him. The illustrations on these pages, which have been specially taken for "The Sphere," give an interesting insight into the work of production at the Hollywood studio

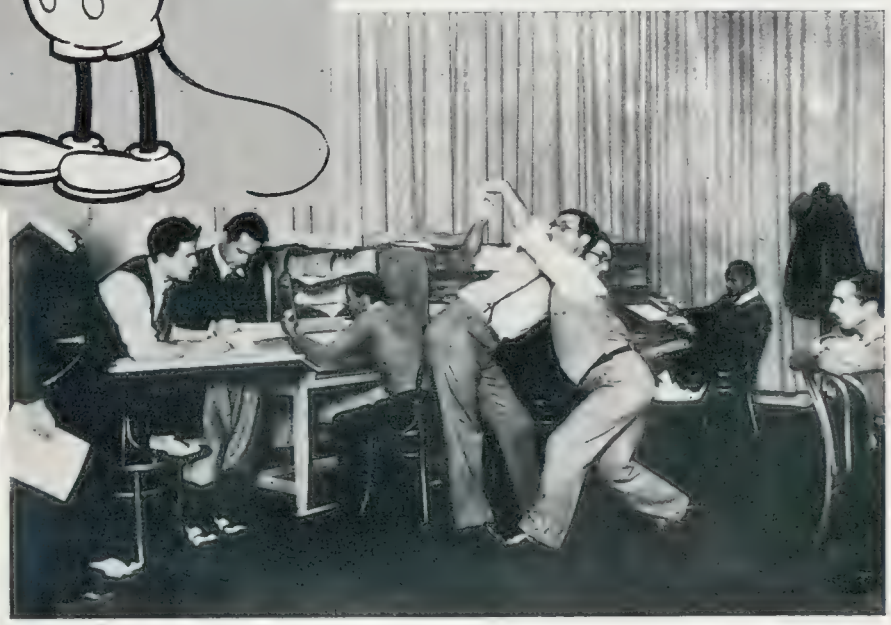
MICKEY MOUSE

Studio where the Walt Disney Cartoons are Drawn

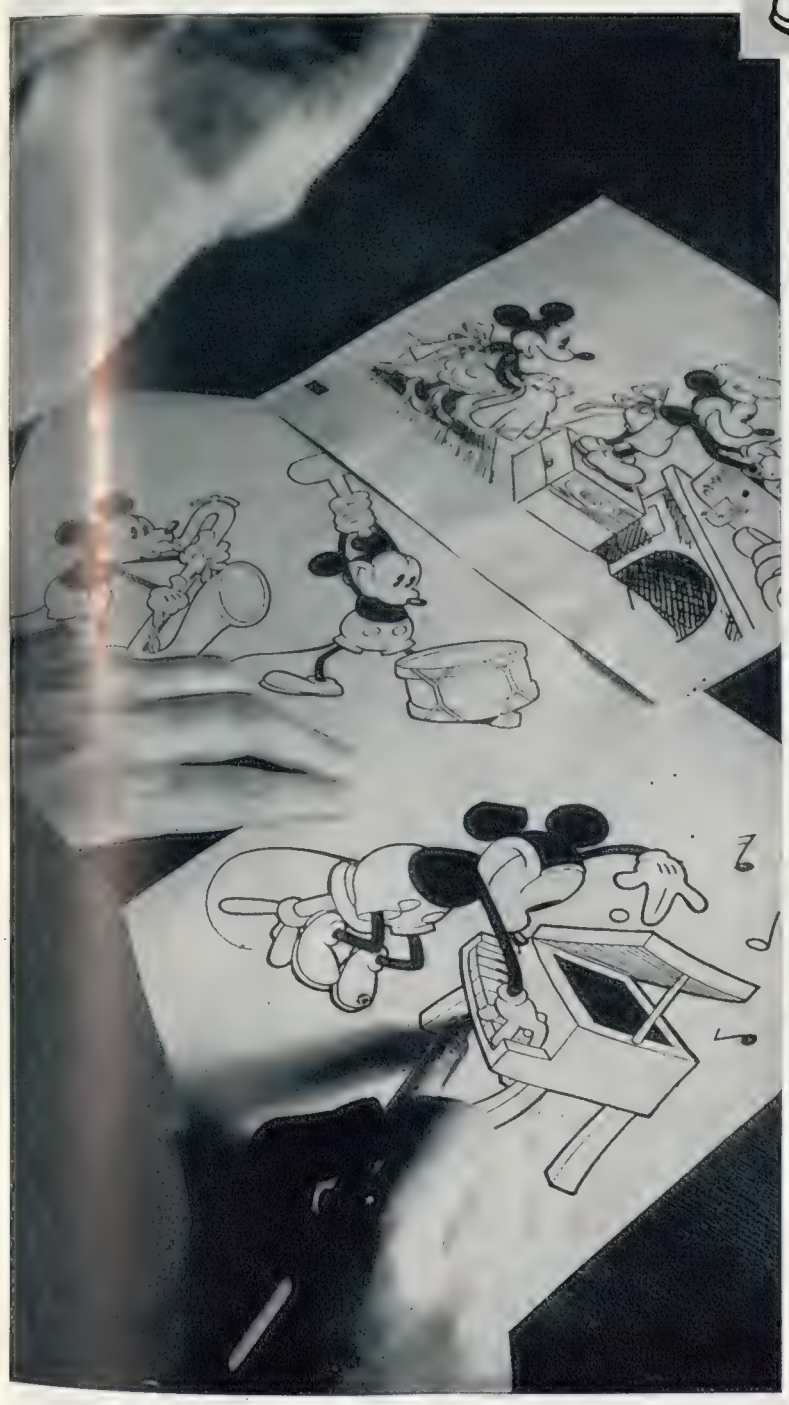
THE GIFTED ARTISTS: Some of the women who are engaged in drawing the cartoons. If Mickey only raises his head, it takes nearly 150 separate pictures to depict this movement on the screen

CREATOR OF MICKEY: Mr. Walt Disney at work. *Left* —AN INTERNATIONAL HERO: So firmly is Mickey established in popularity that not even the once famous Felix the Cat could chase him off the screen





IDEAS FROM LIFE: Well-known dancers are employed at the studio to stand in grotesque positions. Rough sketches are made, and these are later used in the drawing of the cartoons



PICTURES WHICH COME TO LIFE

An artist putting the finishing touches to his drawings

ENSURING PERFECTION

In order to judge what the final effect will be, the photograph of each cartoon is silhouetted on to a screen

"ADMIRALS ALL"—A NAVAL FARCE AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Laura La Plante (left), of film fame, and Clive Currie, as a peppery admiral, in the new play by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall. Mr. Page, in his review last week, predicted a long run for this show

PLAYS *and* FILMS

By PHILIP PAGE

IT SAYS SOMETHING for the essential conservatism of the British playgoer—even of those tough and experienced folk who attend first-nights—that the appearance of a British naval officer as a *deus ex machina* in the third act can still be greeted with cheers and clapping, in which I could trace no note of irony. This was one of the many of the queer happenings during the first performance of *Queer Cargo* at the Piccadilly Theatre.

What was still more queer was that the British officer, having boarded a ship which was under suspicion in the China seas, did nothing beyond have a drink, inspect the passports of all the passengers except the only one who looked so shady that he should have been put in irons at once (he was the villain of the piece and looked it), and departs with a graceful salute to the ladies. He was, in short, perfectly useless, yet received even more applause on his departure than on his arrival.

The British Navy in the Far East is being represented on the stage just now in a none too favourable light, for only a week before at the Shaftesbury Theatre the C.-in-C., with gold braid nearly up to his elbows, had allowed himself to be captured by bandits who were not even real bandits, and to behave generally like an amorous nincompoop. But that was farcical comedy, and *Queer Cargo* is intended to be drama, very stern and very wild.

I regret that I found it impossible to be thrilled by those bewildering incidents in the voyage of a small steamer with four passengers; an indeterminate blonde, a middle-aged parson and his sister, and an unpopular young man called Myers. The captain spent most of the first act being as rude as he could to Myers at the top of his voice. Some valuable pearls are on board; pirates are chasing the ship in search of them, and the crew are mutinous and anxious to throw in their lot with the pirates. The pirate-in-chief enters the cabin. He is not a Chinaman, but a Frenchman with oleaginous manners whom Mr. Franklin Dyall would have made impressively sinister had the author allowed him to do so. All that Mr. Dyall, clever actor though he is, could do was to wrestle successfully with broken English and with a character which, as far as credibility was concerned, was smashed to bits from the start, if it had ever been put to pieces at all.

He appeared to know everybody on board, even the parson, who had hidden him under his bed some years before to get him out of a scrape. He knew and loathed Myers because during the War Myers had stolen his lifebelt when he was wounded and half drowned in the North Sea. The wretched Myers, having been bullied by the captain through one act, spent most of the remainder of the play squirming in terror on his stomach while the piratical Frenchman threatened to shoot him, drop him overboard to the sharks, and burn him alive. This was an unnecessarily thorough way of carrying out his revenge. Besides, since Myers, from his appearance, could not have been more than ten years old when the War was on, that lifebelt incident might have been overlooked as a childish prank.

For some reason I could not fathom, the pirate was shielded from the British Navy by everybody on board, including Myers, the destroyer sailed away, so presumably did the pirate, and the curtain fell on a happy ending, with the captain producing the valuable pearls from his cigar.

A silly play, but well acted. Mr. Barrie Livesey boomed and barked burlily as the captain; most plays in London have a Livesey in them nowadays. Mr. Robert Hale put in some excellent work as the parson, and Miss Drusilla Wills had the awkward job of trying to be funny as his sister. One of the neatest feats was the smashing of the glass of a porthole by a bullet—most realistic and interesting. But that hardly sufficed me for the whole evening.

Our "Muzzled" Stage.—The lecturer who last week told the students of the Summer School at Cambridge that the British stage is "muzzled" by the Censor is either making exorbitant demands in the matter of freedom or has not seen some of London's latest plays.

It is true that the Censor puts his foot down on the dramatic treatment of certain forms of sexual abnormality, though I can think of some examples which have slipped through; but even here he can be dodged by so-called "private" performances, as happened quite recently in the case of a notorious play imported from Paris. It is strange that a large proportion of the filth heard on the London stage is heard on Sunday nights and apparently by the most respectable of audiences. For there is the idea prevalent that filth is not filthy provided it has been translated from some Continental intellectual or was written in England in the seventeenth century. I have heard the most blameless matrons listen to unprintable indecencies written by George Farquhar and his school without batting an eyelid.

The licence now allowed in language would have astounded an earlier generation which professed to be vastly shocked when Bernard Shaw introduced the word "bloody" into his *Pygmalion*. So familiar has this word now become that others, much more startling, have to be employed in dramas that are considered to be "strong" because they are inordinately coarse. The dissyllabic word for an illegitimate child is peppered about so many scenes that poor old "bloody" has become almost a respectable friend of the family. Stage nudity, or semi-nudity, has increased rapidly, mainly in the non-stop revue.

The Censor is always being shot at by both sides—by those who think he is going too far and by others who think he is not going far enough. Which is a workable proof that he is about right. If anything, he errs on the side of leniency, and to talk of the "muzzling" of the stage is nonsense.

A SCREEN STAR AT THE APOLLO: Following Elisabeth scored another success with Constance Cummings (Nicholas Hannen). *Right*—An impassioned

THE LIFE STORY OF A FAMOUS COMPOSER FILMED: Richard Tauber (left) as Franz Schubert in *Blossom Time*—a new British International picture

"Queer Cargo"—A Silly Play Well Acted: An Unjust Attack on the Censor: "Cleopatra"—A Nightmare Film on a Gigantic Scale

It is resented only by the mad dogs who mistake pruriency for intellectuality, or consider that the latter cannot exist without the former. It is they who should be muzzled.

"Meat Tickets."—Sir John Martin-Harvey has declared that after his present tour he will never again appear in *The Only Way*. He will probably adhere to that decision and not emulate the operatic *divas* of the 'nineties who took years and years to say good-bye. That does not mean, I hope, that this fine actor contemplates complete retirement, though he has been on the stage for over half a century.

The mention of a play with which he has been associated for nearly the whole of his professional life is a reminder that plays which used to be known as "meat-tickets" have almost completely disappeared. Irving in *The Bells*, Fred Terry in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, Edward Terry in *Sweet Lavender*, Charles Hawtrey in *A Message from Mars*, and Martin-Harvey in *The Only Way* and *The Breed of the Treshams*, were something like national institutions. These actors found they could take such favourite plays on tour or revive them in London time after time, and make a reasonable amount of money out of them. That system has gone. Either modern plays do not wear so well or modern actors are more restless in their methods. The public, too, is more keen in its search of some new thing. And the competition of the cinema is responsible for much.

MUTINY AND PIRACY ON THE CHINA SEAS: This is the theme of Noel Langley's *Queer Cargo*, which had a good reception when it was presented at the Piccadilly Theatre last week. Vibart, the pirate, played by Franklin Dyall, is seen attempting to force the passengers to disclose the hiding-place of the pearls he is in search of

Bergner's triumph in *Escape Me Never*, this theatre has in *Sour Grapes*. *Left*—A little dalliance with Jack Overton moment with Jim Milburn (Roger Livesey)

"Cleopatra."—If the Cleopatra of history handled an asp, the *Cleopatra* of Mr. Cecil B. De Mille demands a couple of aspirins. The portentous size, flamboyance, and super-vulgarity of this super-film at the Carlton gave me a headache. If the value of a picture is to be gauged by the amount of money spent upon it, as Mr. De Mille seems to think (and there are millions who agree with him), *Cleopatra* is a big success. I do not doubt that a large public will flock to see it, and that it will make a tidy packet of dollars.

It is not dislike of sheer extravagance, nor even of wanderings from the boundaries of history when it would have been quite easy, and no less effective, to have kept within them, that made *Cleopatra* for me something of a nightmare. It was the feeling that the whole thing could have been so much better at a tenth of the cost. It is not bad taste to spend a lot of money, if one is fortunate enough to have it at one's disposal. But it *is* bad taste to spend it needlessly and on silly things.

We can accept it that Cleopatra did things on a grand scale; but her barge was not the size of a modern liner. Her Court was not a Nonconformist Community; but it did not exclusively consist of exotic thousands love-making continuously in mass formation. And Cæsar and Marc Antony, however close their interest in the Queen, had other matters to think about than the romantic attitudes of Hollywood, though Mr. Henry Wilcoxon as Antony gave some indication that if the part had been properly written for him he would have been admirable. Miss Claudette Colbert, as Cleopatra, also had her moments, but she was weighed down with the madness of spectacle, spectacle, spectacle.

Mr. De Mille apparently thinks there is something awe-inspiring in a crowd just because it is a crowd (and has cost a lot). So there may be. But you can watch them in the streets for nothing. I noted that the cast is described as being "of staggering dimensions." No cast should be, on or off the films.

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI": A scene from the famous opera which is one of the features of the Salzburg Festival. There have been many English people in the audiences

SHOWS TO SEE

APOLLO: Constance Cummings in *Sour Grapes*.

COMEDY: John Tilley and Dorothy Dickson in *The Private Road*.

CRITERION: Owen Nares in *Sixteen*.

DALY'S: Seymour Hicks in *Vintage Wine*.

GAIETY: Stanley Lupino in *Sporting Love*.

HAYMARKET: Marie Ney and Flora Robson in *Touch Wood*.

HIPPODROME: Jack Buchanan in *Mr. Whittington*.

LYRIC: Joan Marion in *Men in White*.

QUEEN'S: Edmund Gwenn in *Laburnum Grove*.

REGENT'S PARK: *The Tempest*.

SAVOY: *Clive of India*.

SHAFTESBURY: *Admirals All*.

ST. MARTIN'S: Celia Johnson in *The Wind and the Rain*.

WYNDHAM'S: John Gielgud in *The Maitlands*.

A CELEBRITY AT HOME: Mr. Francis Brett Young and his wife at their country house near Evesham, Worcestershire. His latest novel, *This Little World*, has recently been published by Heinemann's, and the same firm is also engaged in producing an uniform edition of his works

The World of Books

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

ANOTHER anniversary of the outbreak of the War has passed, and this time, because the mark is a score, the tumult of do-you-remembers has reached a slightly higher pitch. The strains of "Tipperary" lap lugubriously round these memoric orgies; hotch-potched, for the most part, by people who weren't there (or they'd know that "Tipperary" was as far removed from a marching song as a tin of Tickler's strawberry was from the front line), and bringing with them that handy line about "generations."

It was, if I remember, one Jack Pleasants who used to sing a song about being "Twenty-one To-day." If I were twenty-one to-day I'd be fed up with all the sentimental guff; the annual, or even bi-annual, splurge about that dreary and altogether useless contest, using it as a touchstone of memories that are better dead.

None of which has much to do with my subject, but was engendered by some thoughts concerning a group of writers who, *faute de mieux*, all began before the War and all belong to the same generation. There were the Georgian poets, and there was a group of novelists, fledglings in a day when it was thought that surely a new heaven and a new earth must result from the upheavals some of us were surviving. Hardy, Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, Conrad were already established; the young aspirants were D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, Stephen McKenna, and Francis Brett Young. Anniversaries slip noisily by, and we realize that achievement must now be measured against aspiration.

Each of the members of that group is a good study in literary development, ranging from the spectacular to the solid, but none is more interesting than Francis Brett Young.

Francis Brett Young was trained to be a member of the medical profession; served through the War in German East Africa (about which he has written a better book of experiences than most), and reference to *Georgian Poetry* will reveal in him a poet of considerable strength and distinction. His career as a novelist has been the building up of quiet achievement. As far as I know Brett Young has never deliberately done anything startling nor sought to impose a new "philosophy," founded no "school," launched no book societies, nor even sought to lecture old ladies on the arts and crafts of contemporary literature. Nor do I remember that he has ever been tempted to shake a critic's sceptre at his fellow writers. As a novelist he has got on with his job and has reached the forefront of his profession without the fanfare of tin trumpets which herald the monthly masterpieces of those striving towards best-sellerdom.

He first enjoyed the fruits of the wider popularity with *Portrait of Clare*, a love story of lasting beauty. With that book his place in contemporary letters was assured. His latest novel, **THIS LITTLE WORLD** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is his twentieth. From the point of view of sales it will probably be his most successful. Therein is the solidity of his achievement. Slowly but surely Francis Brett Young's public has grown until it is a steady and constant factor in his success. It is a friendly public too, for his books do not breed controversy. They breed affection.

The scene of his new book, the village of Chaddesbourne, with its families of Ombersleys and Hacketts and Bunts, is part of the very essence of England. Yet it is country which is as personal to Francis Brett Young as that Wessex which Hardy made his own, or as that stratum of English life with which we identify Galsworthy. He is a writer who has a place of his own in English letters, of which his writing is an integral part.

ONE'S COMPANY (Jonathan Cape. 8s. 6d.) is the particularly delightful record of a recent journey to China by Peter Fleming, who wrote *Brazilian Adventure*, in the same vein of observant but gay detachment. The book is illustrated with photographs by the author, of which my favourites were three of the wreck of a Trans-Siberian express. That might sound cold-blooded until I explain that it was a wreck in which nobody was hurt, and of which Peter Fleming writes:

"It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. The weather was ideal. Nobody was badly hurt. And the whole thing was done in just the right Drury Lane manner, with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac force. For once the Russians had carried something off."

Some people are said to have fresh and original points of view. The phrase, such as it is, might have been coined for Peter Fleming's benefit. He writes about things as and when he finds them. But so does a policeman on his beat. The difference lies in the art which guides Fleming to write:

". . . an old, brown, wrinkled man would come shuffling down a narrow, flagged path . . . very meticulously, muttering to himself, he would feed ants' eggs to the frilled, elaborate goldfish in the pool. His face was terribly serious . . . overhead, against the blue sky, a flashing cloud of pigeons wheeled in formation; there were tiny bamboo tubes fastened to their wings, and these made a kind of piping drone, a queer music which rose and fell and was unlike any other sound. It was very peaceful."

That seems to me to be observation plus. He can write, this young man, and he has spirit and wit and a kind of directness which I found enchanting. See if you agree.

Any book which is good enough for a "soldier, dandy, banker, gossip, golfer, philosopher, and a man of goodwill" (the dedication of Michael Arlen's new book) should be good enough for me. And **HELL! SAID THE DUCHESS** (Heinemann. 6s.) was not only good enough for me; it was very nearly too much for me. This is the story, told with a sinister lightness, of a lady of Jane the Ripper proclivities. She is, or is not, Mary, Duchess of Dove, and she likes murder. But not murder as you or I or the daily Press understand it; a clumsy blow with a blunt instrument and a scramble for safety. Mary Dove had the competence of the real craftsman. Such concessions as she made to femininity (she kept a workmanlike dagger among her flimsy and beautiful underclothes) were few. But her victims were many, and when she had finished with them they, as it were, stayed murdered.

Hell! said the Duchess is macabre and genuinely thrilling; the last chapters made me feel cold on a hot heat-wavy day. He can write, can Mr. Arlen.

So, in a very different way, can Roger Martin du Gard whose books have become such a cult in France that praise is almost redundant. The latest two books of his saga of middle-class life in Paris have just been published in one volume, **THE THIBAULTS** (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), and are remarkably interesting. They are, like the first two books of the story, particularly well translated, this time by Stuart Gilbert, whose writing retains the rhythm of the original French (and only those who have attempted translations can know how difficult that is) and the dialogue is never stilted.

Occasionally I have the feeling that Roger Martin du Gard is over-elaborate in presenting a scene or a situation, and although his analysis of character is frequently acute and well-sustained there is a suggestion of padding about some of the less important scenes. The second half, which deals with the varied cases a doctor meets in a consulting day, is by far the best.

I wonder if Louis Bromfield and Vicki Baum realized that they were starting something when they wrote *Twenty-four Hours* and *Grand Hotel*. It looks as if that compartmental, time-table method of telling a story will have as many imitators as Gracie Fields. Yet it is as good a method as any, and the thing that may deter the imitators is that it calls for considerable technical skill of construction and of descriptive prose.

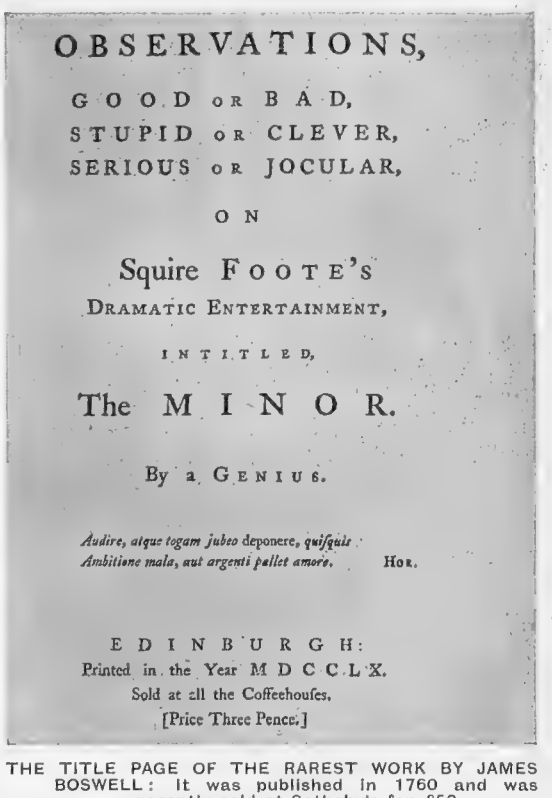
I am delighted to discover that Mr. Benedict Thielen is a worthy user of this form and that he uses it with gusto (how pleasant it is to find a healthy gusto in a novel nowadays) and a good deal of success in **DEEP STREETS** (Methuen. 7s. 6d.). In this book no one purpose animates or drives the characters, and their relationship to each other is as casual as an encounter in the street. But their different stories are vividly told, and with a genuine feeling for the drama of the New York scene.

I have counted myself among Mr. Richard Oke's admirers and have enjoyed his frolics as much as anyone, but I am defeated by **INDIA'S CORAL STRAND** (Faber. 7s. 6d.). The story, which is about a blowsy old Mrs. Yarlove who suddenly wakes up to find herself a deity in a mythical country of the Copperskins, is frank fantasy. It is also meant to be satirical.

However much I may like Mr. Oke in his fantastical mood I can only find that his satirical intent pops and fizzles lamentably. One swallow does not, alas, make a summer; nor one Oke a Swift.

DARK INTERVAL (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) is a book I shall read again although its memory is not a pleasant one. Quite rightly, for it is not meant to be. Miss Rosalind Cornwall has written a novel which is absorbing and yet terrible in the matter-of-factness of its implications.

It is the account of a young woman's life (she is not yet thirty) in a mental institution. "People outside called it Hillmore Asylum and made music-hall jokes about it." For me the drama of this story lay in its understatement and lack of conscious effect. An extraordinary book and a very upsetting one.



OBSERVATIONS,

GOOD OR BAD,
STUPID OR CLEVER,
SERIOUS OR JOCULAR,

ON

Squire FOOTE'S
DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

INTITLED,

The MINOR.

By a GENIUS.

Audire, atque togam jubeo deponere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore. HOR.

EDINBURGH:
Printed in the Year MDCCLX.
Sold at all the Coffeehouses.
[Price Three Pence.]

THE TITLE PAGE OF THE RAREST WORK BY JAMES BOSWELL: It was published in 1760 and was recently sold at Sotheby's for £52

On page 304 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

IN THE GRAND MANNER

Hostess Gowns that Live Up to a Great Tradition

Few women to-day lead lives that give them many opportunities to wear clothes that are not only impressive but deeply satisfying, in the same way as old rooms and lovely pictures. Which is perhaps the reason why tea-gowns remain one of the greatest luxuries we have—and this is particularly true of the busy woman, who at the end of a tiring day can slip into a gown that needs no fixing and no living up to, but which divorces her utterly from mundane matters, and from the stress of modern conditions.

Three very lovely models are sketched on this page. The first, on the right, is by Lanvin, who makes it in heavy black crêpe marocain, and puts three dull gold medallions, set with brilliants, down the front, and one high at the back above a slit which extends to the waist. The Directoire skirt, with its deep slit and pointed train, is one of the outstanding notes in the collections which have just been shown in Paris. This dress comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge.

The tea-gown on the left at the foot of this page is called Cynthia, and is a slip-on model in satin Zenora, both the dull and the lustrous sides of the material being used with excellent effect. Made in wine, in parchment, or in a number of other rich shades, it has unusual sleeves and a cleverly draped line at the back of the neck. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., where the third frock, on the right, may also be found, in company with the most charming of inexpensive lace dresses, and imposing lamé gowns which are absolutely new in line and detail.

The dramatic line of the one-sided cape gives the satin Zenora dress on the right an air of rare distinction. Here again the two surfaces of the material are used. The cape starts life as a scarf which is thrown around the throat, and the high neckline is relieved by cut-out triangles. Made in the same colours as Cynthia, it is called Prudence, and the price of each of them is only 8½ guineas

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

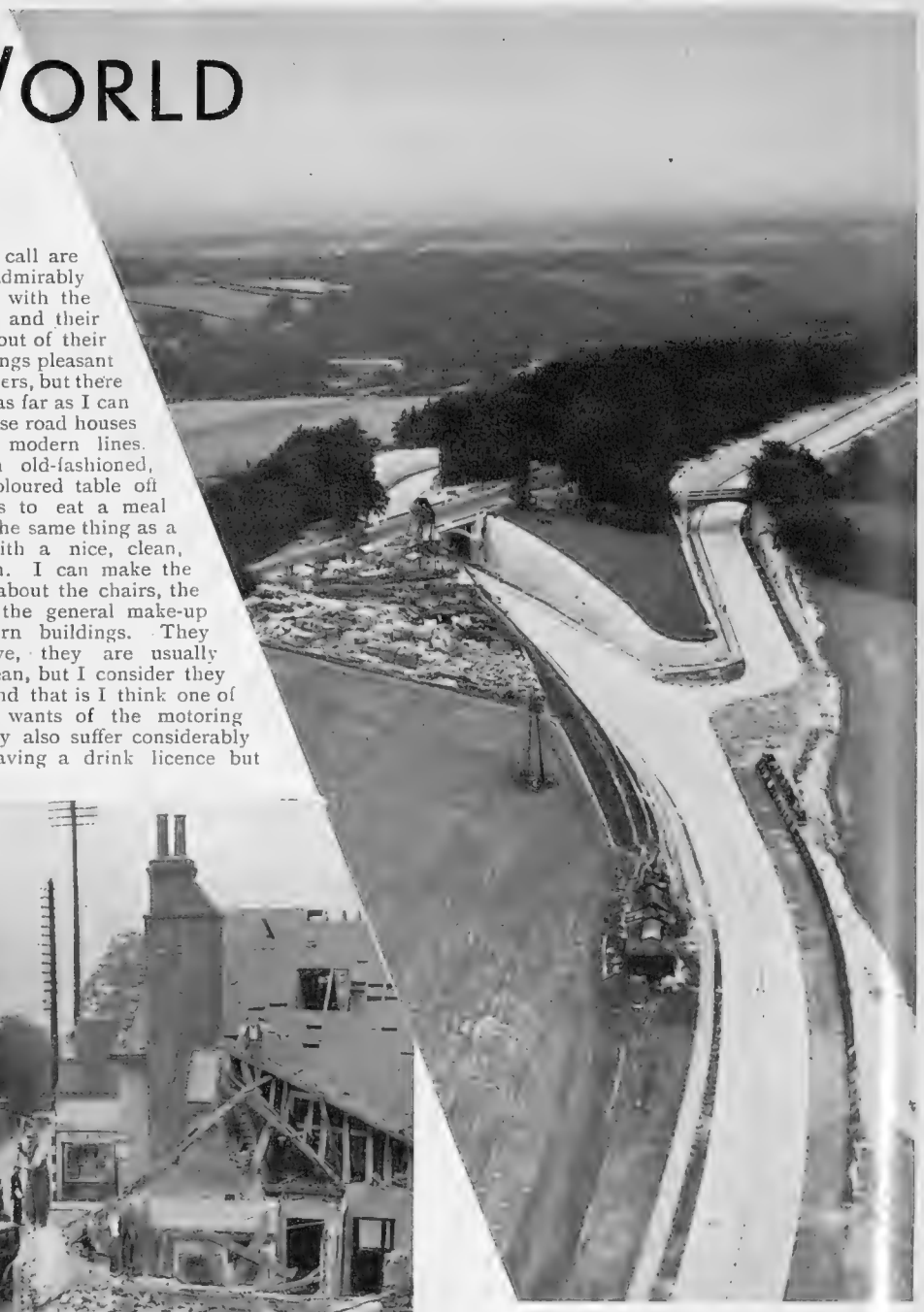
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Some weeks ago I suggested in these notes that perhaps the principal reason why the Ministry of Transport was unable to deal with the road accident problem in a practical and efficient manner was that none of the officials, at least those in the higher positions, had any extensive road experience to guide them. After the Minister's dramatic performance on the roads during the recent Bank Holiday I am beginning to think that my suggestion was correct. If Mr. Hore-Belisha were a practical motorist, or road user, he need never have gone out especially to watch the traffic under holiday conditions. In any case, whatever he saw was bound to give a wrong impression, for naturally a procession of motor coaches, police cars, and news-reel vans, attracts attention, and he had as much chance of seeing true road conditions as a policeman would have of catching a burglar if he walked up to him with an illuminated sign in his helmet displaying the word "Police." It is really sad to think that the task of reducing the terrible death-roll of the road is entrusted to a Ministry that can stage such a theatrical effort. Already, as a result of the procession and the remarks made, the ruling bodies that look after cyclists' interests are indignant and probably there is a certain amount of truth in their retorts. Surely, it ought to be obvious that road conditions can never be bettered by attacking one class of road user. There are black sheep amongst motorists, bus and coach drivers, motor cyclists, cyclists, pedestrians, and cattle-drovers. All want guidance and regulations to assist them and we shall never get any further by just attacking one group. The pity of the whole thing is that road accidents have now become a question of party politics, and it looks as if the terrible toll of the road will never be reduced until the direction of the roads is taken out of the hands of politicians and handed over to a permanent board, such as has been done in the case of unemployment.

Every week now sees more and more streamlined touring saloon cars on the road. Whether the ugly impression which such cars first gave to the public is altering or not I cannot say, but no doubt in time we shall all become accustomed to what we now term "ultra-modern" design, and probably in five or six years' time we shall look back on the orthodox design to-day as something bizarre, and wonder how we ever allowed ourselves to own such quaint vehicles. I am firmly convinced, much as I dislike the appearance of the streamlined car, that it has come to stay, but I am equally certain that before very long we shall have the engine in the back, like the old German Rumpler car and the more modern Burney and Crossley cars. Not long ago I drove a Burney saloon and I must say that it felt very strange, but I remember that when the first London buses, with the driver's seat beside the engine and practically over the front axle, came on the streets, the bus drivers thought they would never be able to control them as well as when they were placed behind the engine. Like the bus drivers, we should quickly become accustomed to the sensation of driving a vehicle with no bonnet in front. This arrangement naturally gives the driver much greater view of the road ahead, and therefore assists safety, and also placing the engine behind the occupants of the car tends to make motoring quieter.

The roads of this country are now probably more extensively used than was the case before the advent of the railway. The horse age was responsible for the inns of England, and now the motor age is calling for the erection of innumerable road houses. These ports of call are in most cases admirably suited to deal with the existing traffic, and their proprietors go out of their way to make things pleasant for their customers, but there is a tendency, as far as I can see, to plan these road houses too much on modern lines. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but a highly-coloured table on which one has to eat a meal is never quite the same thing as a similar table with a nice, clean, white tablecloth. I can make the same criticism about the chairs, the furniture, and the general make-up of these modern buildings. They attract the eye, they are usually scrupulously clean, but I consider they lack comfort and that is I think one of the prominent wants of the motoring traveller. They also suffer considerably through not having a drink licence but that, of course, is not their fault but due to the semi-teetotal views and policy of our Government. I seriously suggest, therefore, that road-house owners should cater more for bodily comfort than to attract the eye.

IN THE CAUSE OF SAFETY: Work has started on the demolition of the Old Red Lion Inn at Elstree. It is the first stage of an improvement which has been urged for twenty-five years and on completion will remove a "blind" corner



THE GREAT WHITE WAY: An aerial view of the newly opened Guildford by-pass where it passes beneath the old road at the Hog's Back. The fork is constructed so as to prevent vehicles from entering it at too great a speed

Just as 200 miles an hour was what one might term the magic figure of the World's Land Speed Record, and which the late Sir Henry Segrave first attained, so the figure 140 m.p.h. was a goal at which Brooklands drivers aimed for many years. I have no doubt that before very long Mr. John Cobb's new record will be again beaten, probably by himself, but the next step on which all eyes are focused will be the attainment of 150 m.p.h. at Brooklands just in the same way as Sir Malcolm Campbell is bent on being the first person to travel at 300 m.p.h. There is something outstanding about round numbers particularly in the motor record world. Mr. John Cobb's performance on August Bank Holiday at Brooklands was a superb display of skilful driving and those that saw him perform would be the first to confirm my statement. There are many people who are under the impression that Brooklands, as far as the bankings are concerned, was designed for a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h. That, according to General Sir Capel Holden who was the designer, is not accurate, and in view of the fact that the track was officially lapped on June 8, 1908 at 121·64 m.p.h. one can well believe his statement, for it was scarcely likely that so distinguished an engineer as Sir Capel, would have got out plans for a racing track to accommodate a certain speed which less than a year after it was opened was to be exceeded.

Whilst talking of the Brooklands lap record it may interest readers to know that the figure which I have given and which was established by Nazzaro on a Fiat remained unbeaten until 1922 when Mr. K. Lee Guinness, on his 12-cylinder Sunbeam, put the record up to 123·39 m.p.h.; thereafter the history of the record is as follows:

August, 1924, J. G. Parry Thomas (Leyland Thomas), 128·36 m.p.h.; June, 1925, J. G. Parry Thomas (Leyland Thomas), 129·36 m.p.h.; May, 1928, Kaye Don (Sunbeam), 131·76 m.p.h.; April, 1929, Kaye Don (Sunbeam), 132·46 m.p.h.; August, 1929, Kaye Don (Sunbeam), 134·22 m.p.h.; April, 1930, Sir Henry Birkin (Bentley), 135·23 m.p.h.; June, 1930, Kaye Don (Sunbeam), 137·58 m.p.h.; March, 1932, Sir Henry Birkin (Bentley), 137·98 m.p.h.; April, 1934, John Cobb (Napier Railton), 139·71 m.p.h.

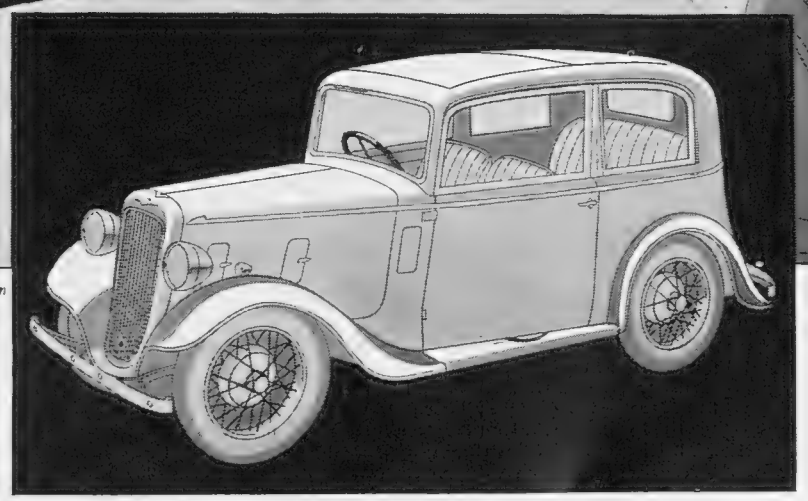
AN OXFORDSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT: A favourite resort of painters is Clifton Hampden, a picturesque Oxfordshire village on the banks of the Thames. In the foreground is a Morris Ten-Four, which combines adequate accommodation for four persons with a petrol consumption of 35 m.p.g.

Referring again to road houses I would like to mention that I have just received a very interesting booklet called *Road Houses and Clubs*. This book not only gives a list of recommended establishments in London and the home counties and the amenities and advantages offered by each, but it gives a table of distances, routes into London, and section maps which show the situation of all road houses and clubs mentioned in the booklet.

I would certainly advise motorists to obtain a copy of this book, the price of which is only 9d. as, in addition to all the useful information it contains, arrangements have been made whereby readers obtain special privileges at certain establishments.

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

The Sixteen York Saloon



The New Seven Ruby Saloon

A Still Greater Investment

The NEW AUSTIN

● NEW-STYLED BODIES, CLEAN-CUT BEAUTY IN THE MODERN TREND ● SYNCHROMESH NOW ON TOP, THIRD AND SECOND GEARS ● COMBINED LUGGAGE CARRIER AND SPARE-WHEEL COMPARTMENT ● FLUSH-TYPE DIRECTION INDICATORS WITH AUTOMATIC RETURN ● 'SEVEN' SALOON ENTIRELY RE-DESIGNED ● ALL 'SEVEN' MODELS REDUCED IN PRICE ●

They're here, the new Austins, improved beyond measure in appearance and style—with modern lines, smartness that is really sensible . . . a new beauty that arouses a definite pride of ownership.

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The SEVEN *(7.8 h.p., 4-cyl.)*

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Lichfield Saloon ...	£172-10s.
Lichfield Fixed Head Saloon	£158
Colwyn Cabriolet ...	£178
Open Road Tourer ...	£152
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The LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR *(11.9 h.p., 4-cyl.)*

Ascot Saloon	£218
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Iver, with division ...	£315
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LANCASHIRE FORGETS ITS G-LOOMS

(Continued from p. 285)

money is shovelled into the machine like coal. At Pleasure Beach all the year's new stunts are first tried out. You can buy scream-producing instruments, itching powder, rubber musical biscuits, popping optics, soap which turns water black.

But it is in the Tower and the Winter Gardens that you really see Blackpool enjoying itself. To the music of expensive bands, Lancashire community sings and dances. These people are extraordinarily well turned-out. What a social revolution has been occurring all these years! One felt that if the surrounding company could only learn to eat, it would be as happy again. At present the feeding is definitely all wrong. Massive, stodgy stuff, eaten apparently regardless of the clock, and far too much of it.

"Coom on. We munnut be lat fer dinner. T'landlady'll be mad."

But to return to the Tower: "These lovely little ladies who are walking over the soft carpets towards the dance floor are weavers, winders, ring-spinners, and other working-class girls. Many of them have made their own dresses, and in some cases have actually woven the shimmering material. They buy it at special operatives' prices from the firm where they work." So, a local reporter. The lovely little ladies certainly looked grand—I am sure Gracie Fields, who was appearing locally, must be prouder and prouder of the generation that has followed hers. What a galaxy of fine-looking girls. And what character in their faces! They are happy here, in this palace of romance. Gay young men come to them and ask them to dance. The band strikes up, and Lancashire steps on the floor and does the Rumba.

From the top of the Tower (half the Eiffel's height) we saw half-a-million insects crawling about far below. And trains without end in sidings, and cars parked in mass formation. And, seawards, nothing but endless sand and breakers. The gale continued, and throughout four days I did not see a solitary bather, either at Blackpool, or at Morecambe, New Brighton or Southport. All four have great swimming pools—that at New Brighton is a masterpiece—but for some unknown reason never more than a sprinkling patronized these excellent places. Nor was it really cold. On the Belgian Coast, nearest replica of the Fylde Coast that I can think of, in so far as natural coast conditions are concerned, such pools would be filled even in a blowy August.

To visit these other resorts after Blackpool is to feel something akin to being ejected into a relative calm from a sideshow where they fashion wind and storm. Blackpool is terrific, and if you come within range of the boosting office, a deluge of dope descends. You are bawled at. "We can provide indoor amusement for 400,000." "Value of property in Blackpool is anything from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000." "London Zoo takes its animals from the Tower." "Stanley Park, 300 acres; boating surface, 26 acres." "Building new airport and mammoth flood-lit swimming pool." And all the time, discussion is public relating to such questions as whether the resort should be fashioned to favour the *refaned* element or that crowding multitude which converts it into a peanut parade. To be or not to be *refaned*: such is becoming quite a big question for the Queen (boisterous old King, I should say) of the Fylde Coast.

Well, that is a matter for local settling. Perhaps I can provide light on a second issue. The Fylde Coast also constantly asks itself if is isn't becoming too Continental. There is no fear of that whatever. I have never seen anything more utterly removed from the Continent than the Fylde Coast. May it prosper!

MONTE CARLO REVISITED

(Continued from p. 286)

Each year Monte Carlo in the summer attracts larger and larger numbers of people in the show business, both English and American. Director after director, film star after film star, leading ladies and leading men, producers and professional beauties make their way here. It is rapidly becoming a suburb of Hollywood. This is a new rôle for the Principality and its Casino to play.

For years before the War it was the Grand Dukes and the princelings of Middle Europe aided by a few English noblemen like Lord Rosslyn who were the leading lights round whom everyone fluttered like dazzled moths. To-day it is the directors of Hollywood, often accompanied by the more famous of their film stars who play at the High Table, give the big parties, and get most frequently photographed. Not that there are not, even in the summer, Grand Dukes like Dmitri of Russia and Princesses like Mafalda of Italy and Joachim of Prussia.

But still it is the show business element which is anyway the most noticeable. Let us hope at least that in future films of Monte Carlo, the hero will not wear a white tie and an opera cloak, as Jack Buchanan had to do, and that the heroines will be allowed to wear beach clothes instead of endless negligées.

It's an ill Mistral . . .

AMERICA IN ANTARCTICA

(Continued from p. 294)

main difficulty in all these three relief expeditions, would appear to be the crossing of the crevassed area in what is known as Amundsen's Arm.

During the second expedition the ration sledge fell into a crevasse 80 ft. deep. This, and other sledges with rations and equipment, which were abandoned on the trail during the return of the second journey, have now been recovered. Tractor fan belts have broken in a temperature which went to 55 degrees below zero. It is evident that all these three expeditions met with great physical difficulties.

The wireless message via New York, dated August 13, said that "while Byrd is thin and weak he is in good spirits and safe." An earlier message had stated that he had a "bad arm." On arriving at the station the relief expedition found the Admiral standing on the roof of the hut. His hair was long and he looked weary, but he was the calmest member of the group. Dr. Poulter mentions one point of very high interest to Antarctic travellers. He says that apparently in June fumes from Byrd's kerosene stove made the Admiral feel ill and he was unable to cook proper food. This question of fumes from a stove is of the highest interest for it is suspected that on more than one occasion suffocation from this cause has led to disaster in Polar regions.

The pictures given on page 294 are from an earlier stage of the expedition's work. They show the difficulties of transporting 450 tons of material across the shore ice to Little America, where the Byrd expedition was again to make its headquarters.

The base was eventually found to be not only there, but in very good condition, for the electric light went on at a turn of the switch and the telephone system was still in order. The expedition now awaits the coming of the summer, but it is difficult to estimate exactly the condition of the four aeroplanes and the autogyro and the motor tractors on which much of the programme of the expedition rests.

A BOOK LIST

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

EARLY CRICKET CONTROVERSIES

When Players Protested Against Round-arm Bowling, and Batsmen were Recommended to Wear Suits of Armour

AS IT IS the "silly-season," when news is scarce, a certain section of the Press has been having its say on the subject of leg-theory bowling. In doing so it has at times lost its sense of proportion, and seems to have forgotten that cricket is no more than a game.

It is an interesting fact, however, that on numerous occasions in the history of cricket the question of how a ball should be bowled has aroused heated controversy.

In a book entitled, *Lord's and the M.C.C.*, which was written by Lord Harris and Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, and published in 1914, there are several references to early differences of opinion.

It appears that "in 1827 William Lillywhite and James Broadbridge, both of Sussex, created a furore by their round-armed bowling; by their supporters it was called 'the march of intellect system,' by their adversaries 'throwing.' Until this time the law was that, at the moment of delivery the hand must be below the elbow, but the pair went further and raised it above the shoulder. The pioneer of the style had been Tom Walker of Surrey, who practised it about 1792, but, owing to his tremendous pace, it was disallowed, and as he had neither influence nor ability to urge its claims to recognition, it remained for Mr. John Willes of Kent to introduce it at Lord's. The latter obtained the notion from his mother's skill in *throwing* the ball to him at practice in a barn at Fonford, near Canterbury, and, with Ashby, he developed the idea and attained proficiency. Frequently, when he essayed the new style in matches, the crowd would break in and stumps be drawn and all end summarily in confusion. When he played on the side of Lord Frederick his bowling was fair; when against him, the contrary. In 1822 Willes took the Kent team to Lord's to play the M.C.C., but when they barred his bowling he threw down the ball in disgust and, jumping upon his horse, rode home and left the players in the lurch."

DURING 1827 three matches were arranged between England and Sussex, the latter using round-arm bowling. When England had lost the first two matches, nine of the professionals refused to take any further part in the series "unless the Sussex bowlers bowl fair, that is, abstain from throwing." Seventeen years later the round-arm type of delivery became legal; and in 1864, after tremendous opposition, overhand bowling was also permitted.

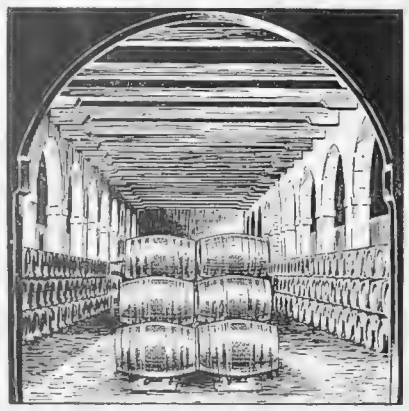
Four years before this date William Pitt Lennox remarked: "If the present system of bowling is continued we should strongly advise that suits of armour from the Tower of London be forwarded to all the members of Lord's and other cricketing clubs. Indeed, the Household Brigade might turn out in jack-boots, gauntlets, cuirasses, and helmets to contend with the Zingari in chain hauberks, steel head-pieces, and iron-armlets."

SEVERAL of the amateurs, according to Lord Harris, opposed recognition of round-arm bowling because they realized it would mean their own undoing; in fact, a careful examination of score sheets proves that many of little ability had either to drop out of the game or to continue with small success. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1833 Mr. Mitford wrote, rather unkindly; "Colonel Lowther and Lords Strathavon and Clonbrock ought to play in private, especially the colonel, who was designed rather to stand for the stumps than to hold a bat."

Mr. William Ward, who played such an important part in the history of the M.C.C., also did not favour "the march of intellect system," and is reputed to have said: "Cricketers are a peaceable class of men, but with this bowling I never see a match that might not end in a wrangle."

A Seventeenth-century Bed Valance Bought for the Nation

CO-OPERATING with Sir Frederick Richmond and an anonymous donor, the National Art Collections Fund has bought and presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum this beautiful English seventeenth-century bed valance, described in *The Daily Telegraph*, on April 17 last, as a magnificent example of the craftsmanship of the Warwickshire weavers who worked at William Sheldon's factory at Barcheston. When this valance was offered at Sotheby's on May 11, in the late Colonel Henry Howard's famous collection of Sheldon tapestries, it was withdrawn from competition at £1,750, and it has been acquired for the nation at a slightly smaller sum. The colours of the quaint scenes of country life illustrated in this remarkable piece of work, which is over 19 ft. long, still retain their freshness.



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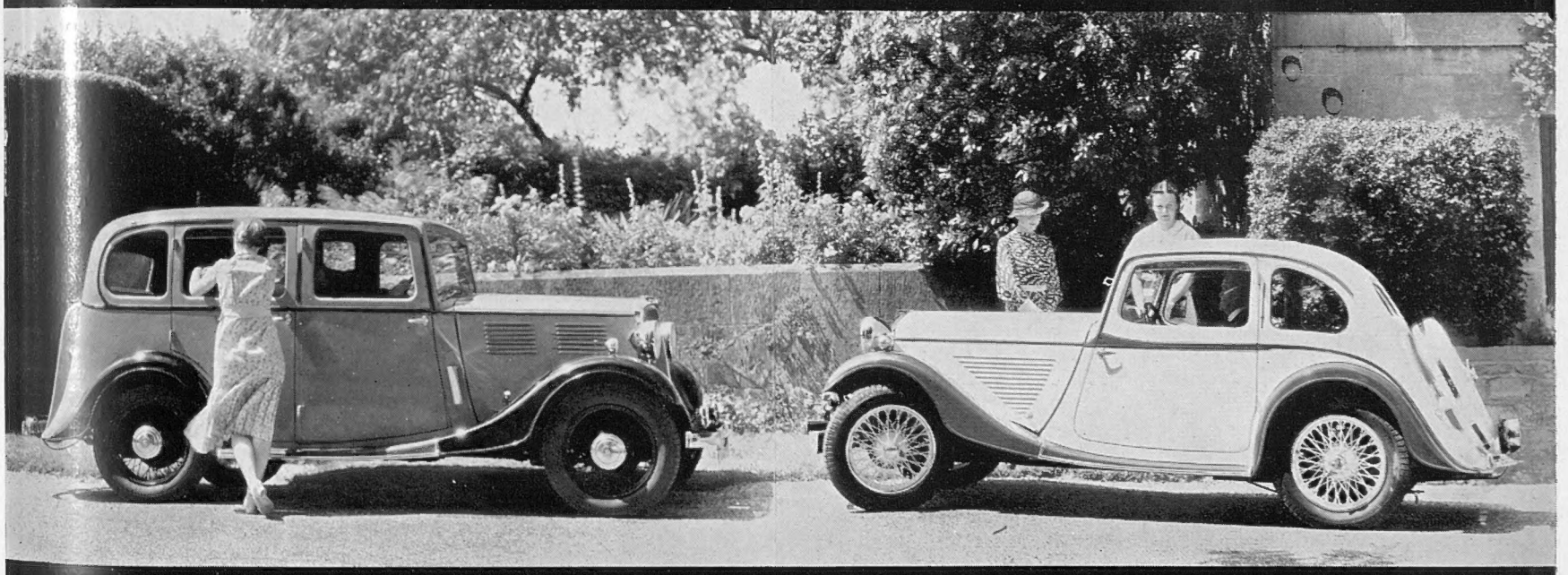

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«

A RIVAL TO POMPEII

(Continued from p. 289)

"But I have a better idea. I will make a picturesque promenade at the foot of the walls surrounding the harbour. I will level the grass-grown port and plant it closely with a tiny native blue flower which grows freely. Thus will the ancient walls again embrace a sea of blue —blossoms this time, not the Mediterranean."

In the market he showed me the marble tables of the various vendors, supported trestle-wise by carved symbols of their wares. Large fishes held the fishmongers' counters three or four feet off the ground. Birds similarly employed were no doubt the trade-sign of the poultry dealer. In excellent preservation are the official measures, linear and for bulk. Rows of cavities in stone blocks, ranging from those large enough to check measures of grain to very small ones which might possibly have been used for a few coppers' worth of household provisions.

EXCAVATIONS at Leptis Magna were begun fourteen years ago. Count Volpi was the first Italian governor to realize the importance of the ruins hidden beneath the monotonous expanse of shifting sand. The present Governor-General of Libya, Marshal Italo Balbo, is more than merely interested. He is enthusiastic, and personally visits the ruins from time to time to record the progress of the work. Soldier and adventurer, Balbo reads "sermons in stones" no less fluently than the learned professor himself, even though the exhortations and the inspiration may be to different ends. Eager to assist all he can in the task of unveiling this magnificent monument to Rome's past grandeur, and to raise it as a sign-post to her future New Roman Empire in Africa, Marshal Balbo has been releasing shifts of some 200 Italian colonial soldiers at a time to help with the digging and the clearing. The Professor told me with jubilation that he has a grant of 800,000 lire for excavations in 1934.

THE ANCIENT NAME for Leptis was Lebqy. The original city was founded by a Phœnician colony from Tyre about 1,000 B.C., at the foot of the M'Sellata hills—the "Hills of the Graces" of Herodotus. As the sea-port for a caravan route into the interior of Africa, Leptis rapidly grew in importance. By the middle of the fourth century before Christ, Leptis, known to the Greeks as Neapolis was already flourishing.

Leptis figured in the written annals of world-history only after it had become a tributary of the Carthaginian Empire in 450 B.C. Many famous names are associated with the city. Juba captured it in 49 B.C. The next year, Leptis received Cato the Younger, and offered Cæsar hospitality in 46 B.C. when Hadrumentum refused him entry. In return, Cæsar allowed Leptis to remain a "Free City," but exacted yearly tribute of 3,000,000 measures of oil.

When Professor Guidi got to this point of his recital, I looked round the tawny landscape and wondered where all the olive trees to supply this quantity of oil in excess of what was consumed, had disappeared to. What must have been luxuriant cultivation in those days, is now nothing but desert.

Massinissa, King of Numidia, occupied Leptis during the first half of the second century before Christ, and when Carthage was destroyed by Scipio in 146 B.C. Leptis continued to form part of the Numidian Kingdom until 25 B.C., when with the strip of coast between the two Sirtes, Leptis became part of the Roman African Province.

The Roman Emperors Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius in turn helped to increase the prosperity of the city, the ruins to-day bearing witness to their works of building and construction. In A.D. 69 a tribe of nomads called Garamanti were tempted from the interior to invade the rich city. Towards A.D. 110 Leptis passed from the category of a "municipium" to that of "colonia" and was known as Colonia-Ulpia-Traiana-Leptis. Here, thirty-six years later, was born Septimus Severus, subsequently to become Emperor of Rome. He accorded his birthplace many special privileges, and much of the city was rebuilt on new, generous plans. The inhabitants numbered some 100,000, with thickly-populated suburbs. Oil and grain were the chief products. The portion of Tripoli dominated by the cities of Leptis, Oea (now Tripoli) and Sabratha were indeed one of the main granaries of ancient Rome.

SEPTIMUS SEVERUS died in Britain, never to see the results of his work and the money he had so freely spent. The Professor took this piece of sad history to heart, as we paced the beautiful road of 250 columns, leading from the port which had been destined as a kind of triumphal entry to welcome the Emperor to his newly-beautified home town.

"And they had placed the most lovely fountains with Nymphs, in the path, so that he could forget the heat and the glare of the sun by looking at the cool crystal water," he added regretfully, as if he were one of the disappointed participants in the secret of the old Romans' planned surprise for their adventuring Emperor.

Christianity reached Leptis in the second century. In A.D. 363 a terrible invasion of barbarian Asturias from the interior started the downfall of the city and all that its civilization stood for in North Africa. They were followed in the middle of the fifth century by the Vandals from Spain. Under the rule of Justinian in the sixth century, Leptis again enjoyed a brief return to peace and prosperity. The Emperor rebuilt the walls destroyed by the Vandals, and allowed five Christian churches to be erected. He could not undertake a work of complete restoration, as already the insidious "walking sands" had covered part of the city.

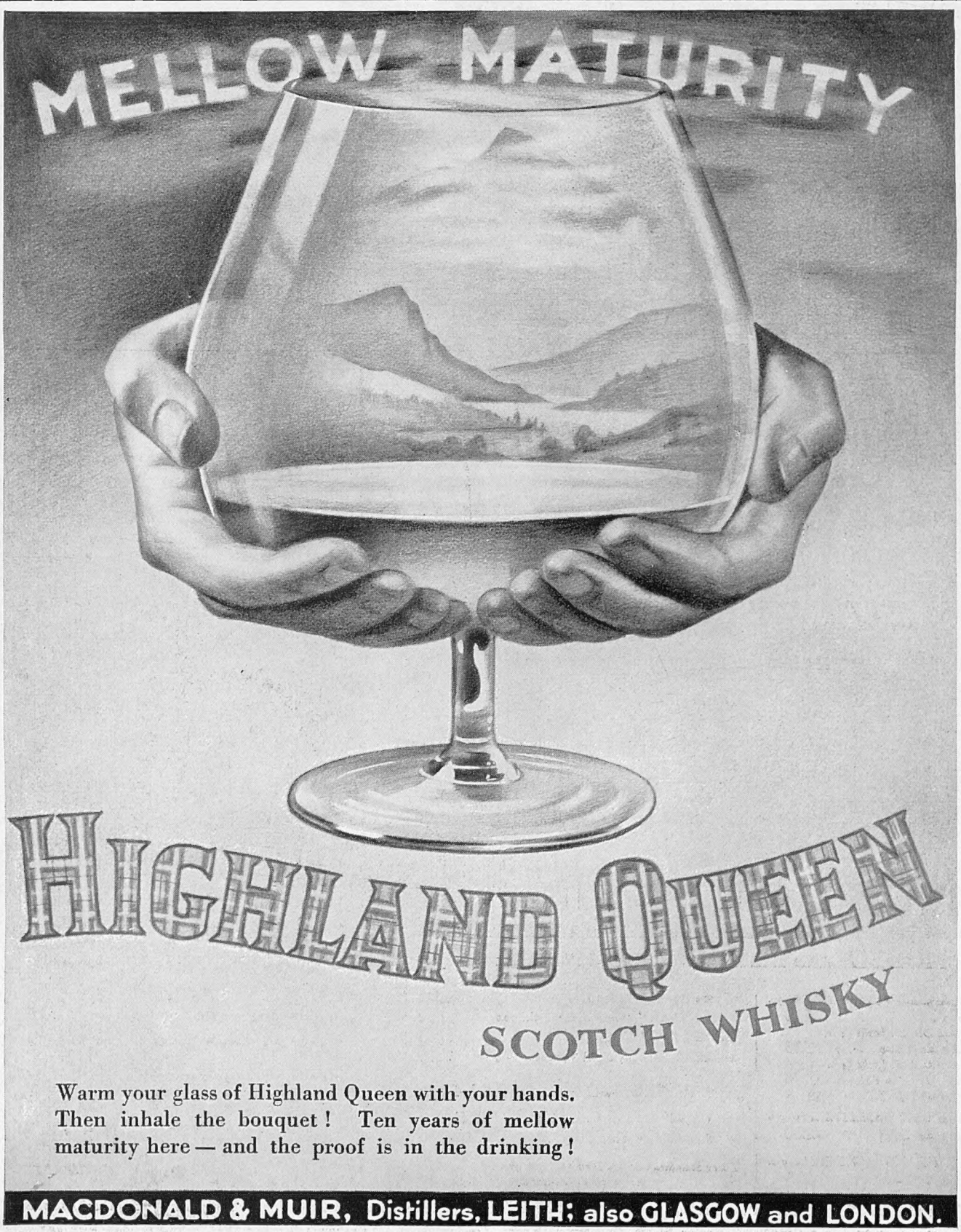
BY THE SEVENTH CENTURY the glories of Colonia-Ulpia-Traiana-Leptis had succumbed to the ravages of eight Arab invasions. The Arabs destroyed what the Romans had built up, including aqueducts and reservoirs. With the centuries, the invasion of sand, the earth brought down by the Lebda river, resultant floods, erosion of the sea, completed the work of destruction begun by the Arabs, fire, pillage, and abandonment. Nature, ever-merciful, hid the skeleton of the ruined city under the encroaching desert's golden pall. For years, only a small fortress marked the site where forums, baths, a circus, basilica, busy market, triumphal arches, palaces, and lovely villas had stood in all their marble beauty against a background of extensive olive groves, woods, farmland and fragrant gardens.

The work of excavation and restoration is a labour of love. Professor Guidi told me with pride that the fine head of some unknown hero I was admiring had been found in 300 different pieces, many in different places and at different times. "It is nothing for us to take three or six months to complete a head or statue," he remarked. "The harder or more complicated the task the greater the joy of re-creation."

G. Drummond-Hay

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Rev. S. W. Emberson, B.D., is resigning his appointment as Deputation Secretary of the above Society, on his appointment to a living in the West of England. Mr. V. Boyd-Carpenter, grandson of the late Bishop of Ripon, has been appointed in his place. The Committee hope to hear from schools, etc., who would like Mr. Boyd-Carpenter to visit them and give a Lantern Lecture on the story of the Society. Please address all enquiries to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., Surrey (Union Castle Line).—A single 1st class ticket from England to Mombasa costs £57 (minimum) via the Suez Canal. From there you can book a 1st class ticket back to England via Cape Town, which will permit of a two-months' stay at the latter town, for £55 (minimum). A reduction of 10 per cent. is granted on the sum of these two single fares. The fares quoted are via the Royal East African and the Intermediate services of the Union Castle Line. The return 2nd class fare from Mombasa to Kampala is £15 2s. 10d.

Mc., Sussex (Hotels in England).—We think the following hotels would suit your purpose very well: the Longmynd Hotel at Church Stretton, Shropshire, situated in hilly country; the Ben Rhydding Hotel, Yorkshire, on the Yorkshire moors; the Isaac Walton Hotel, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, situated in Dovedale and with private grounds of over 300 acres.

S., Montreal (Tangier).—Tangier is becoming extremely popular as a winter resort, for the climate then is warm, equable, dry, and sunny, the only drawback being the levante, a blustering wind, which however only blows occasionally. The town is typically Moroccan in appearance, and there is very little level ground for walking, the surrounding country being hilly. There are tennis courts and a golf course, a Kursaal, and several cinemas. The Cecil Hotel there is very good, while the Hotel Valentina, though not so imposing, is very comfortable and more reasonable in price.

C., London (Cruise).—An exceptionally interesting cruise is that of the White Star liner *Homeric*, which leaves Southampton on September 8 for a nineteen-days' cruise to Malta, Greece, Rhodes, Aegean Sea, Italy, and N. Africa. The fare ranges from 30 guineas, and offers extremely good value, as you will observe.

H., Yorks (Italy).—As you wish to make excursions along the Naples Riviera, you would probably find it more convenient to stay on the mainland rather than on Capri, though you should certainly pay at least one visit to this beautiful little island. Amalfi, Sorrento, and Positano are all extremely pleasant places at which to stay. You can obtain the 70 per cent. reduction on the return fare to Naples, provided you stay in Rome at least one night in order to visit the Fascist Exhibition. You will not find Rome unpleasantly warm at the end of September, and as the validity of these specially reduced tickets expires on October 28, you will be wise to take your holiday before that date.

Hints for Travellers

BAD WILDUNGEN.

Germany has a large number of spas, situated in various parts of the country, and one of the best known of these is Bad Wildungen in the province of Hesse-Nassau and not far from Cassel, the capital. At a height of nearly 1,000 ft. above sea level and with beautiful woodland surroundings, Bad Wildungen makes a very pleasant spot in which to take the cure, its waters being particularly suitable for the treatment of affections of the bladder and kidneys. It has many good hotels, a good programme of amusements—performances in a summer theatre and orchestral concerts, excellent facilities for sport, including golf, tennis, riding, boating, fishing, and fine roads for motoring, which pass through delightful country. Interesting excursions from the spa are those to the Castle of Friedrichstein on the Katzenstein, and to the Waldecker Barrage, the largest of its kind in Europe. Bad Wildungen is situated on a branch line from Wabern on the main Hamburg–Cassel–Frankfurt-on-Main line, and has an all the year round season which reaches its peak during the summer months.

THE AERONAUTICAL EXHIBITION AT MILAN.

Even those who have not the slightest scientific interest in aviation cannot fail to be impressed with the Aeronautical Show which is being held at the Palazzo d'Arte in Milan. Whilst the conquest of the air has intrigued mankind for many centuries, few realize the seriousness with which the problems were tackled, even in the days of Leonardo da Vinci, whose designs for an ingenious wing-like apparatus are to be seen at the Exhibition. As one passes through the vast halls of the Palazzo d'Arte, the pageant of aviation is unfolded; there are aeroplanes of the very early days of Italian aviation, including some which were used in the war with the Turks in 1912. The machine in which Mussolini crashed thirteen years ago occupies a prominent position. There are vast air liners and by way of contrast the tiny racing machines in which Agello won the world's speed record and Cassinello broke the 100 kilometres record. Visitors to the Aeronautical Show entering Italy from abroad will receive a booklet containing six coupons for the Italian State Railways, the first of which entitles them to buy (in advance) a ticket at half fare from a frontier station or port to Milan; after the booklet has been stamped at the exhibition five tickets at 50 per cent. reduction may be purchased from point to point anywhere in Italy. The fact that it is not necessary to determine the itinerary in advance will appeal to those who do not wish to undertake a set tour, especially if they wish to depart from the usual routes, and visit the lesser known places of interest. These special tour tickets can be obtained only up to October 31.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast. 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.— The best reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel. — Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

München.—Hotel 'Der Königshof,' Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.—Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.-(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Interlaken. — Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne. — The Hotel Victoria. — Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, running water, Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Mont Pelerin above **Vevey.—Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 ft. Overlkg. Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

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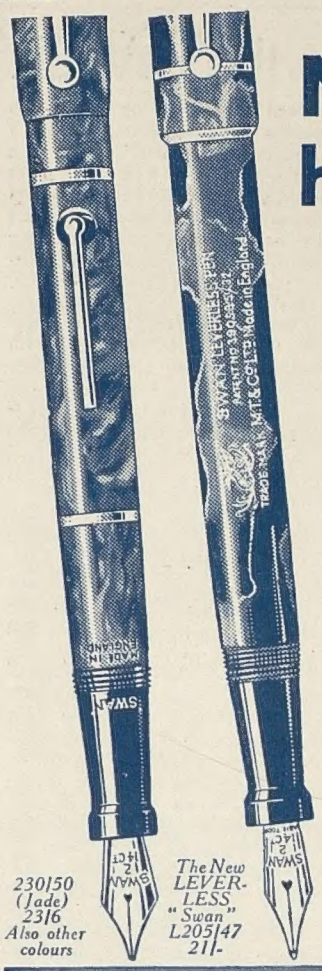

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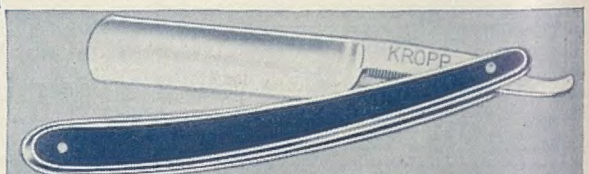

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